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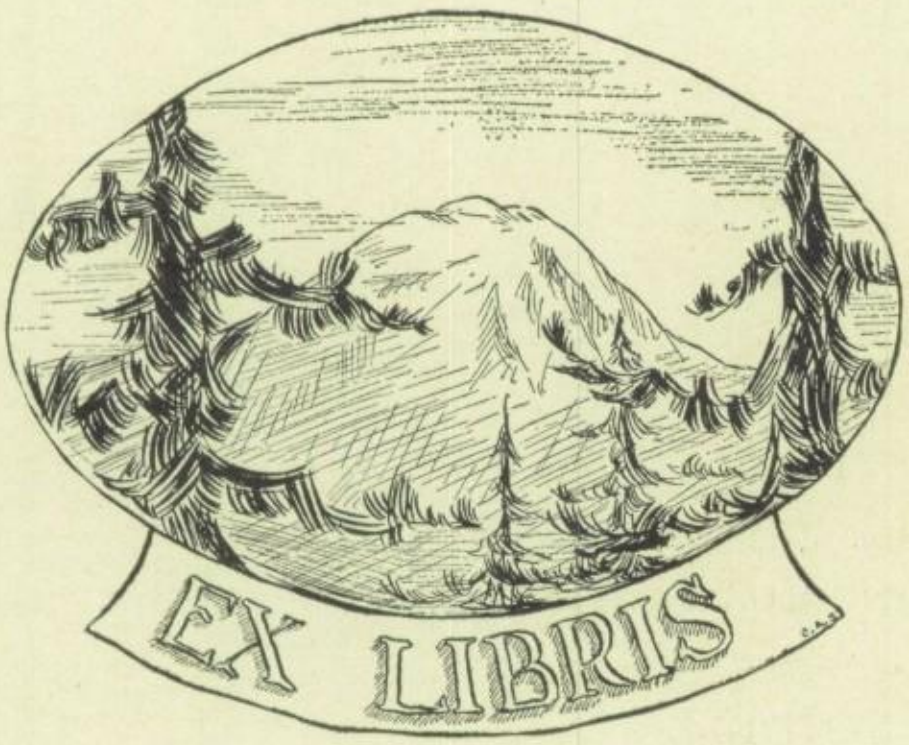
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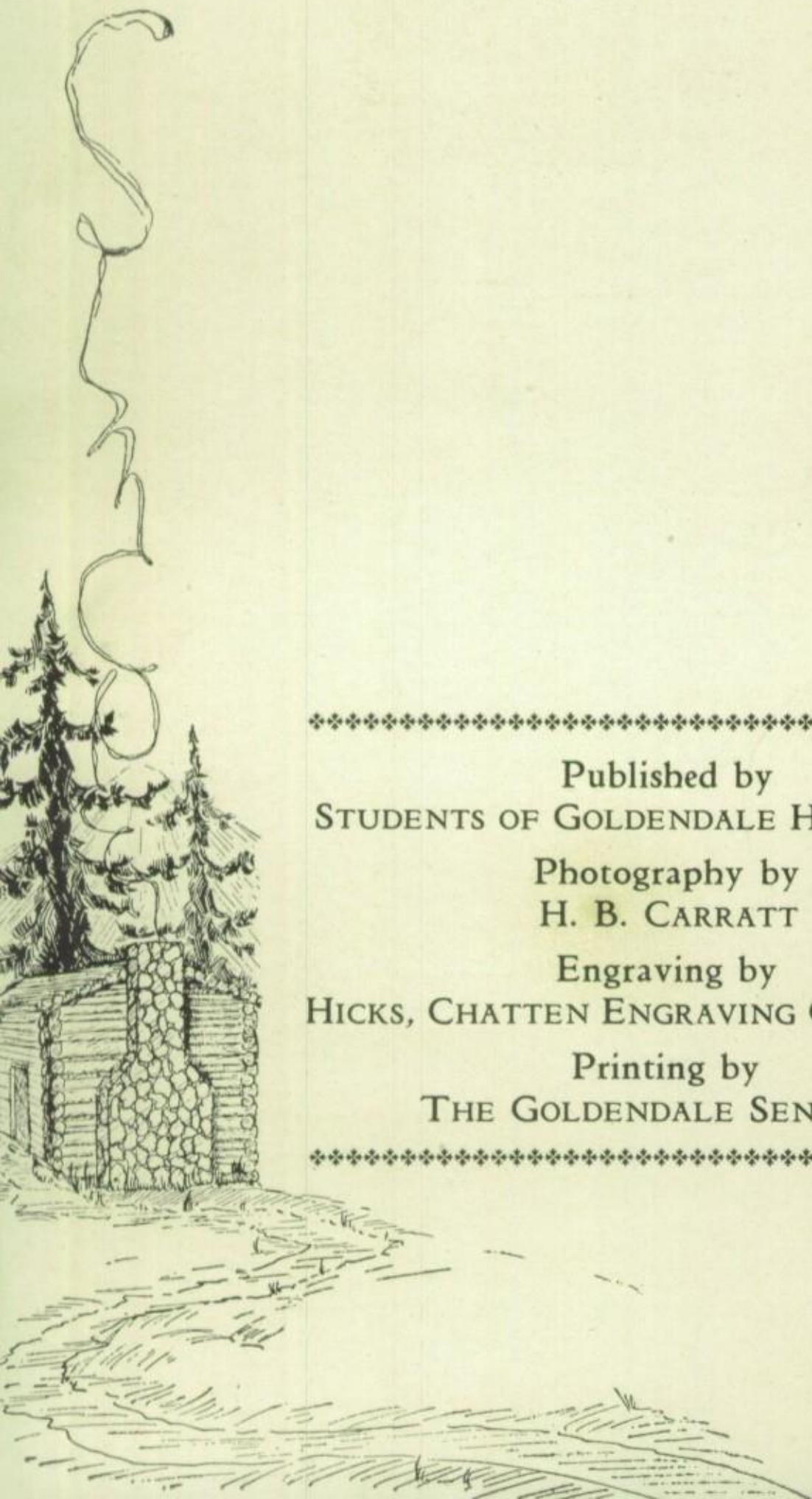

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THE GOLDENDALE SENTINEL

GOLDENDALE HIGH SCHOOL

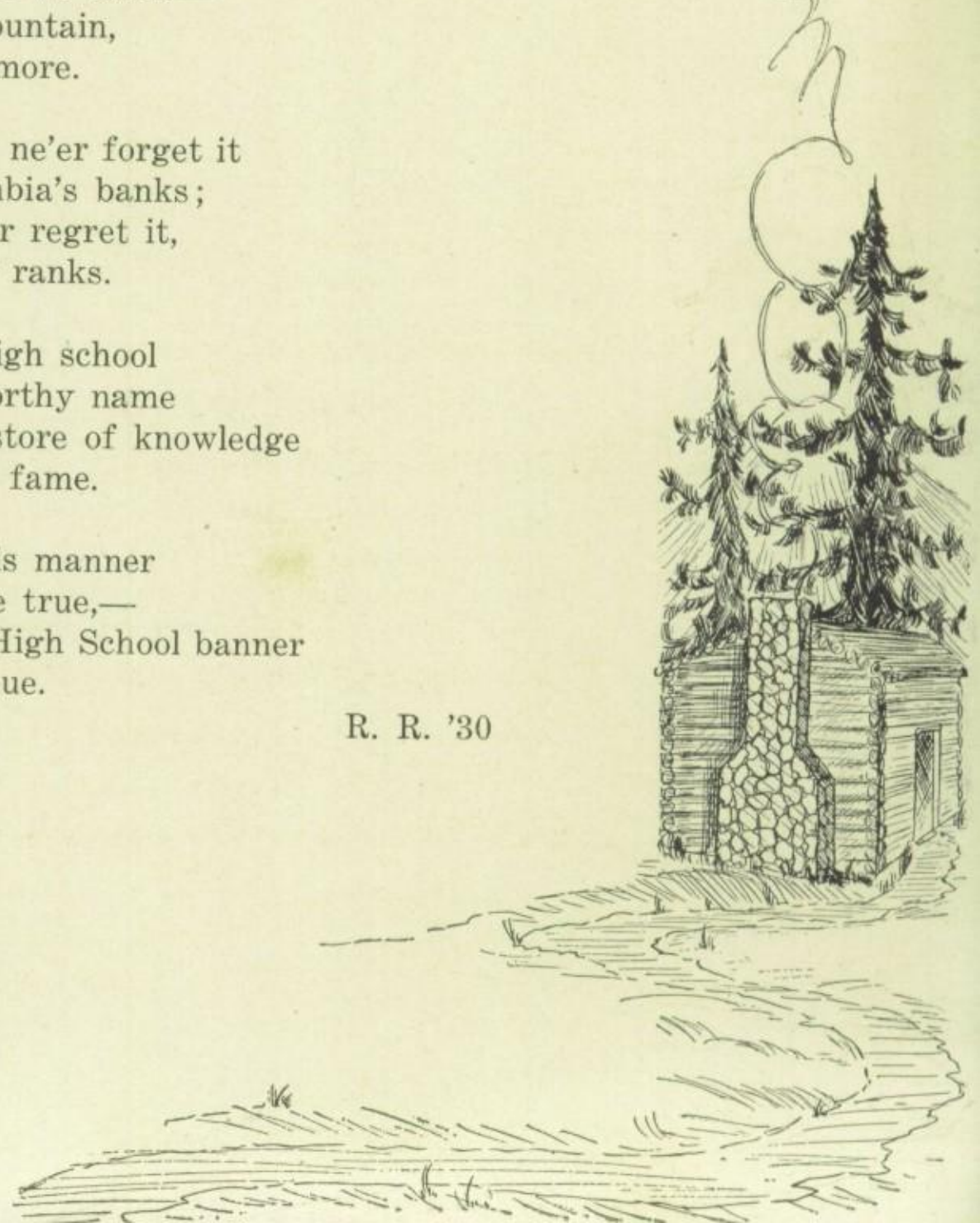
Close beside the Simcoe Mountains
Stands the High School we adore—
Like an ever flowing fountain,
She will stand forevermore.

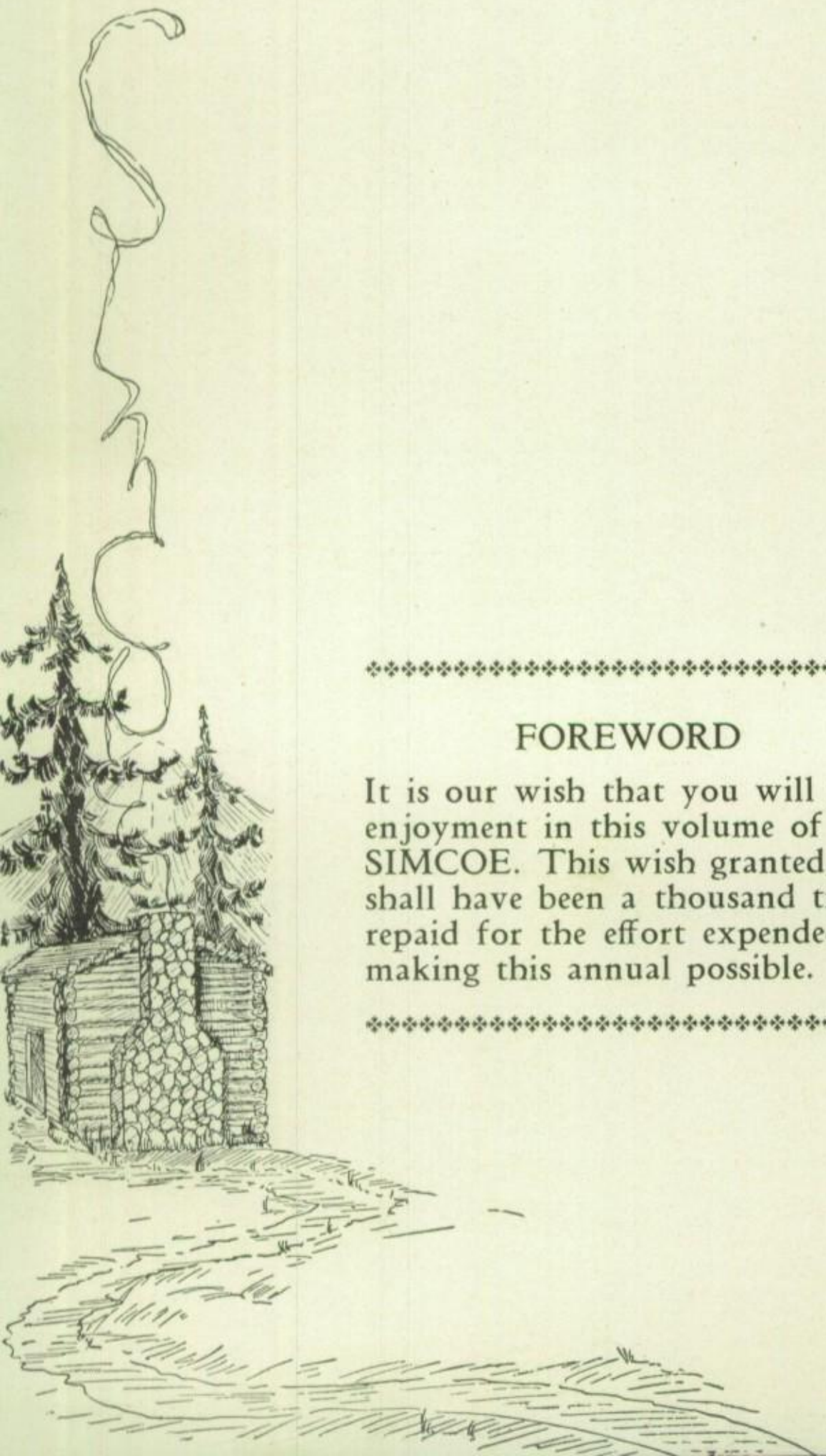
Where she stands we'll ne'er forget it
Close beside the Columbia's banks;
And in years we'll ne'er regret it,
That we entered in her ranks.

'Tis a good old rural high school
And we'll shout her worthy name
Where we gained our store of knowledge
In her halls of honor's fame.

And we'll always in this manner
To our native school be true,—
'Neath the Goldendale High School banner
Of the purple, golden hue.

R. R. '30





FOREWORD

It is our wish that you will find enjoyment in this volume of our SIMCOE. This wish granted, we shall have been a thousand times repaid for the effort expended in making this annual possible.

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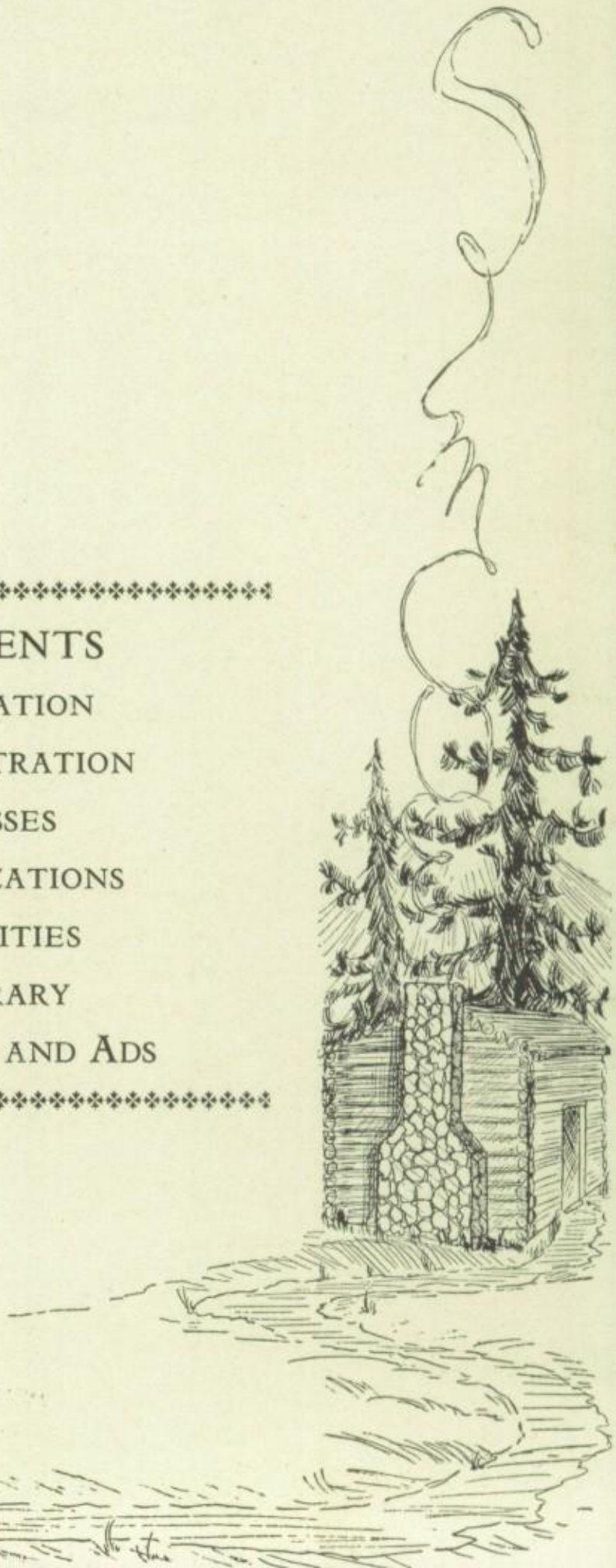
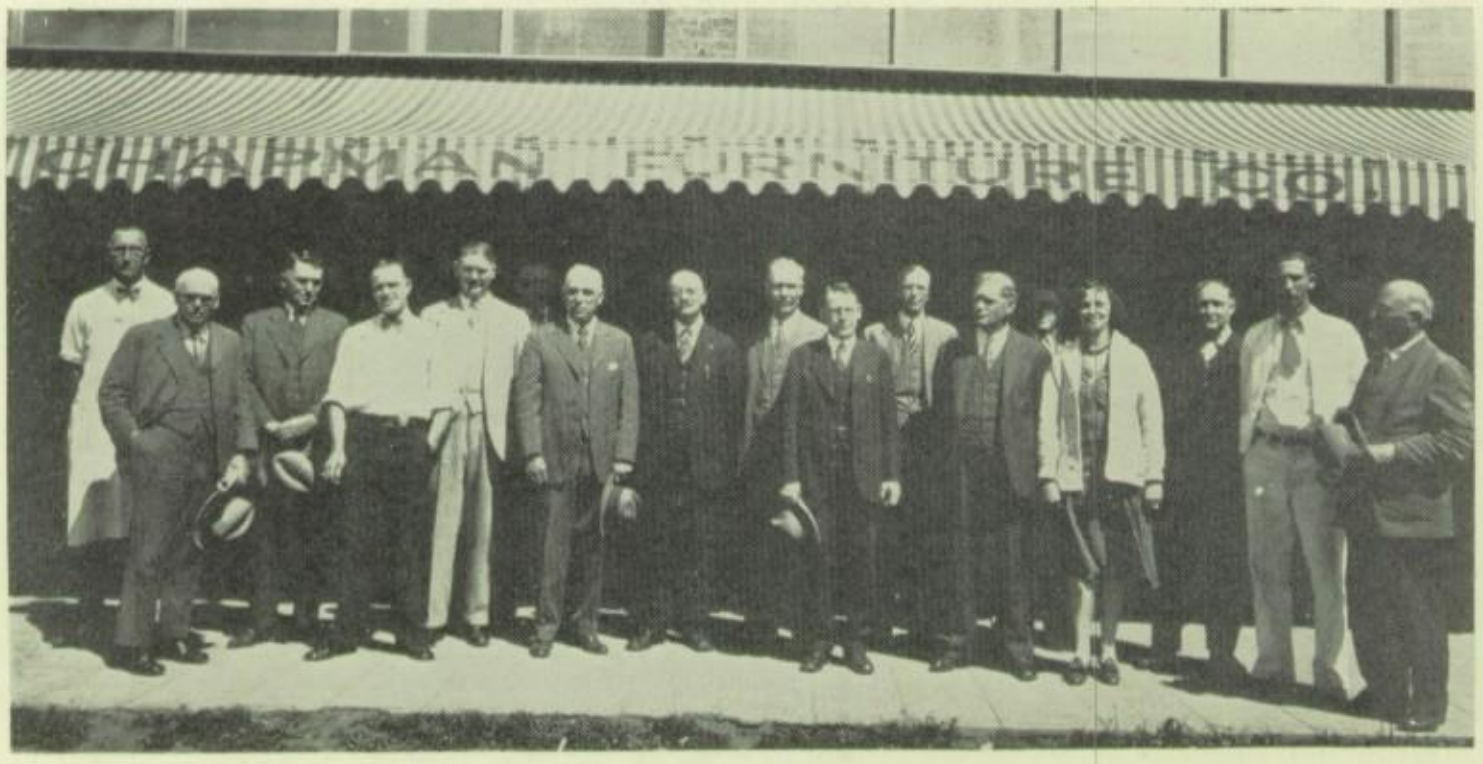
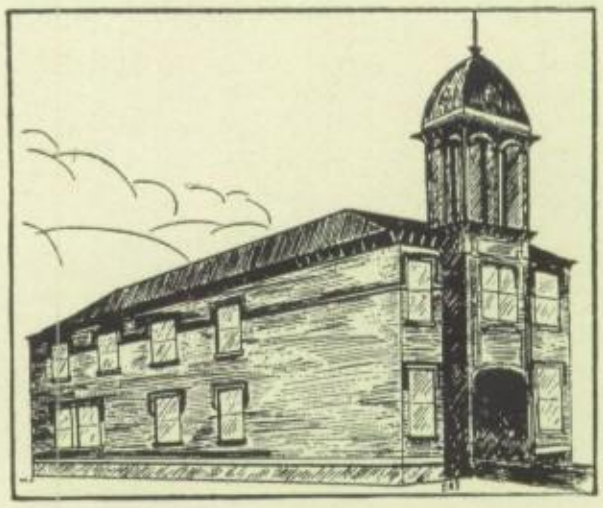




DEDICATION

To the Business Men of Goldendale, who have stood behind the High School so loyally, giving us their support and patronage always, and who have shown such unlimited interest in all our activities, we dedicate this fourteenth volume of the SIMCOE.

Administration



SCHOOL BOARD

Chairman — E. D. Roe

Members

Z. O. Brooks

H. J. Turner

V. A. Bacher — Clerk

VERNON A. BACHER
—Superintendent

B. S. Science—Whitworth College
Mathematics.

SARA V. BACHER

B. S. Home Economics—James Milliken University—B. A.—Education—University of Illinois—Sciences.

CLEO SHELTON

B. S. Home Economics—South Dakota State College — Home Economics—English.

CARL L. LAUDENBACH

A. B. History—Whitworth College —Commercial.

CATHERINE L. BLEAKNEY

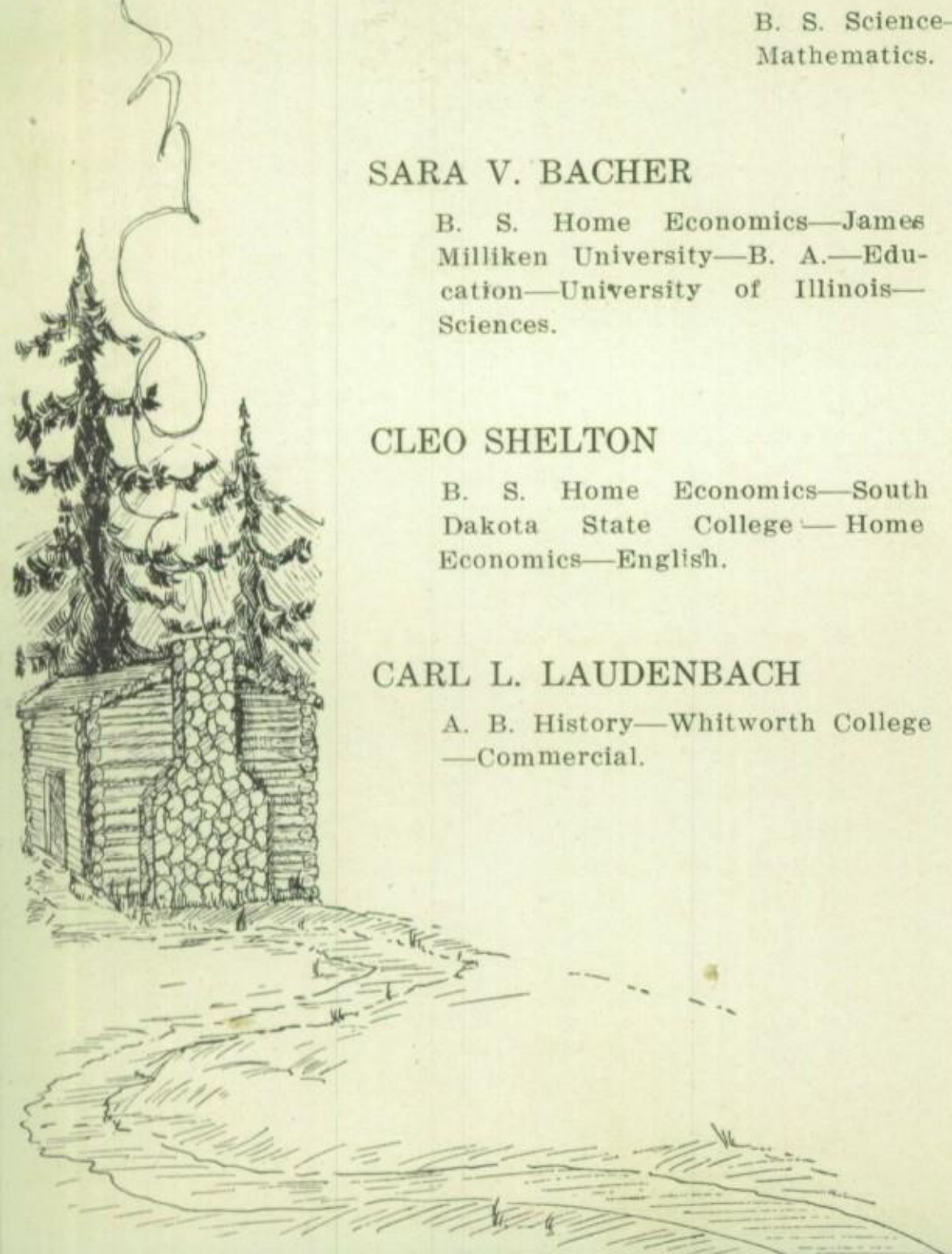
B. A. Latin—Whitman College—English—Algebra.

NOVA M. HALL

B. A. Music—College of Idaho—History—Music.

FRANCES WILSON

B. A. History—Whitman College —Latin—French—English.



THE BOARD OF CONTROL

President	James Willis
Vice-president	Harriett Spalding
Secretary	Louise Dressel
Treasurer	Norma Spoon
Business manager	Charles McEwen
Simcoe Editor	Norma Spoon
Senior representatives	Lester Winter, Harriett Spalding
Junior representatives	Louise Dressel, Charles Spoon
Sophomore representatives	Florence Johnson, Fred Anderson
Freshmen representatives	Della Norris, Maravene Crooks

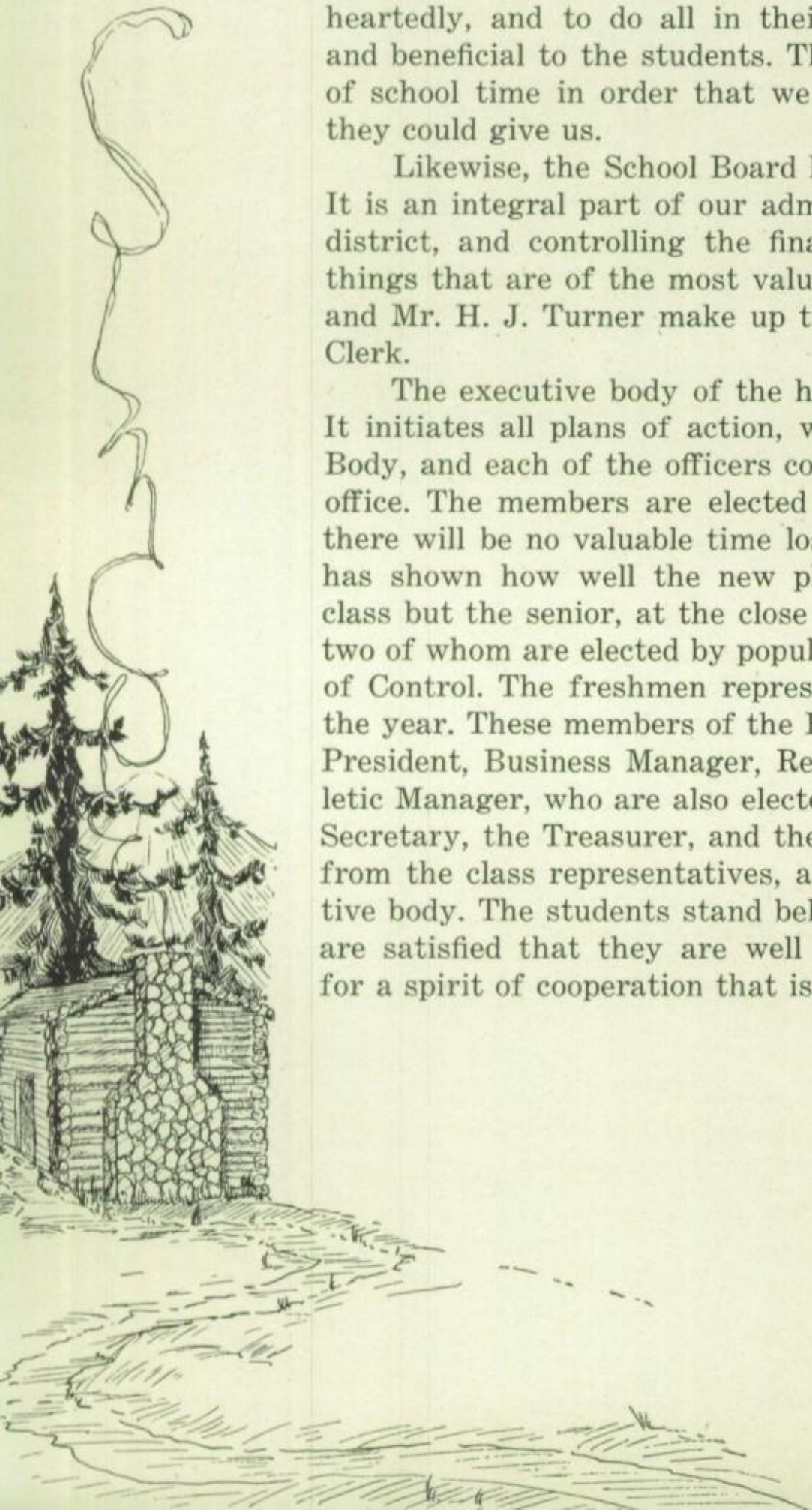
This Board of Control is the governing body of G. H. S. Elective officers who do not serve on the executive board are: reporter, Reo Young; athletic manager, James Hall, and yell leader, Jack Dressel.

ADMINISTRATION

The faculty of Goldendale High School consists of a group of seven teachers of whom we may well be proud. Mr. and Mrs. Bacher and Miss Shelton have just completed their fourth year here with us; they have taken a class through high school and have won the admiration of the student body and the community. Mr. Laudenbach has been in G. H. S. two years. He is from Clarkston, Washington, and Whitworth College. The new teachers are Miss Bleakney, from Walla Walla and Whitman College; Miss Wilson, from Portland and Whitman College; and Miss Hall, from Vancouver, Washington, and the College of Idaho. These teachers have shown the will to enter into our school and its activities wholeheartedly, and to do all in their power to make school life interesting and beneficial to the students. They have put in many long hours outside of school time in order that we might derive from school the best that they could give us.

Likewise, the School Board has had our interest at heart continually. It is an integral part of our administration, selecting the teachers of the district, and controlling the finances, in such a way as to give us the things that are of the most value to us. Mr. Z. O. Brooks, Mr. E. D. Roe, and Mr. H. J. Turner make up the School Board, with Mr. V. A. Bacher, Clerk.

The executive body of the high school is called the Board of Control. It initiates all plans of action, which are then submitted to the Student Body, and each of the officers competently takes care of the duties of his office. The members are elected at the close of the school year, so that there will be no valuable time lost in organizing for duty. This past year has shown how well the new plan of class representation works. Each class but the senior, at the close of the school year, elects four nominees, two of whom are elected by popular vote of the Student Body to the Board of Control. The freshmen representatives are chosen at the beginning of the year. These members of the Board are in addition to the Student Body President, Business Manager, Reporter, Editor of the SIMCOE, and Athletic Manager, who are also elected by the Student Body at this time. The Secretary, the Treasurer, and the Vice President are chosen by the Board from the class representatives, at the time of organization of this executive body. The students stand behind the Board at all times, because they are satisfied that they are well represented, class by class. This makes for a spirit of cooperation that is so necessary in any self-governing body.



Classes

SENIORS

CLASS COLORS—Lavendar and White

CLASS FLOWER—Lavendar and White Lilacs

CLASS MOTTO—"When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it, and hang on."

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Norma Spoon
Vice-president	Harriett Spalding
Secretary	Howard Bratton
Treasurer	Leo Jackson
Simcoe Representative	Charles McEwen
Faculty Advisor	Mrs. Bacher

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

Edward Allison, Mildred Bankerd, Howard Bratton, Jean Coffield, Chester Dugger, Myriam Eddie, Raymond Ferguson, Fay Gosney, James Hall, Leo Jackson, Mildred Jackson, Fred Lear, Robert Ludlum, Charles McEwen, August Miller, Violet Miller, Richard Pridham, Genevieve Richardson, Ronald Richardson, Daniel Roe, Margaret Selle, Guy Shellady, Oleta Silver, Harriett Spalding, Norma Spoon, Bertha Tobin, Thurman Ward, Vera Watson, Warren Watson, Clara Wilkins, James Willis, Lester Winter.

LEO JACKSON "Jack"

"Youth only comes once in a lifetime; enjoy it to the utmost."

Scientific Course. Sec. Class-4; Purple "G"-4; Class Play-3; Football-4.

JAMES HALL "Grills"

"My thoughts naturally follow two channels—music and women."

Scientific Course. Treas. Class-1; President Class-2; Athletic Manager-4; Honor Society-2-3-4; Glee Club-1-2-3-4; Class Play-3-4; Operetta-4; Music Contest-3; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4.

MARGARET JEAN COFFIELD
"Jeannie"

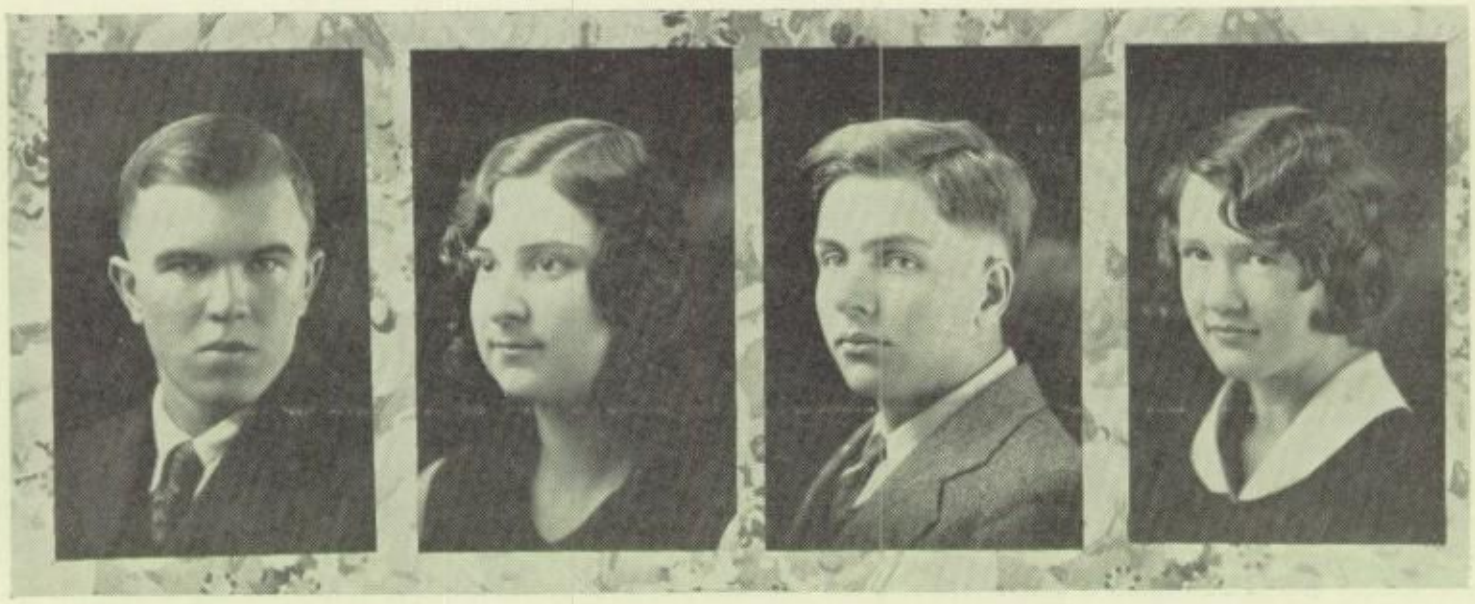
"I absolutely will be heard!"

English Course. Sec. Treas. Class-2; Yell Leader-2-3; Glee Club-2-3-4; Vice-President Glee Club-3-4; Class Play-3-4; R'tzie Revue-2; Basketball-3-4; Simcoe Staff-3-4.

MILDRED EVELYN JACKSON
"Jackson"

"Oh Heavens! If all men were perfect like mine I'd shoot 'em!"

Scientific Course. Entered from Centerville-4; Glee Club-4; Operetta-4.



CHESTER DUGGER "Dugger"

"I'm flyin' high but I've got a feeling I'm falling."

Scientific Course. Purple "G" Club-3-4; Football-3-4; Basketball-4.

ROBERT LUDLUM "Luddy"

"No matter what the task may be, he will do his best."

English Course. Entered from Klickitat-4; Glee Club-4; Operetta-4.

OLETA I. SILVER "Silver"

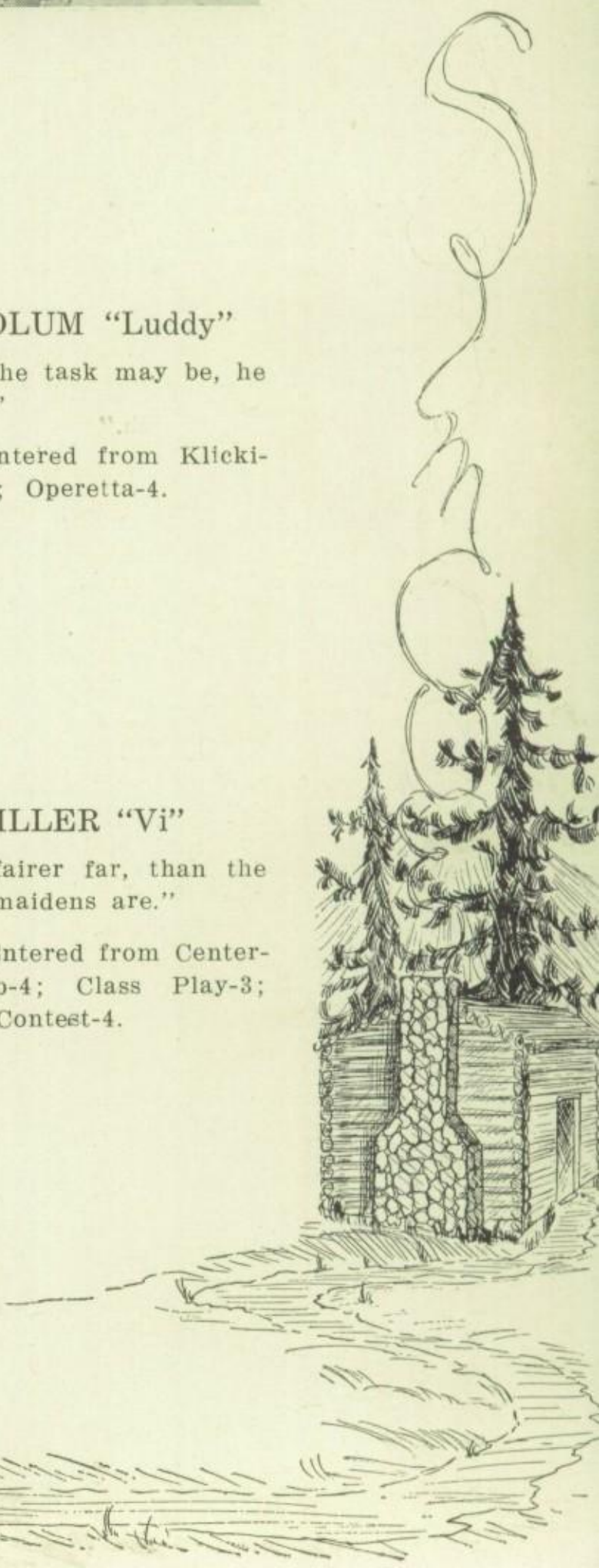
"She is known by her charming ways."

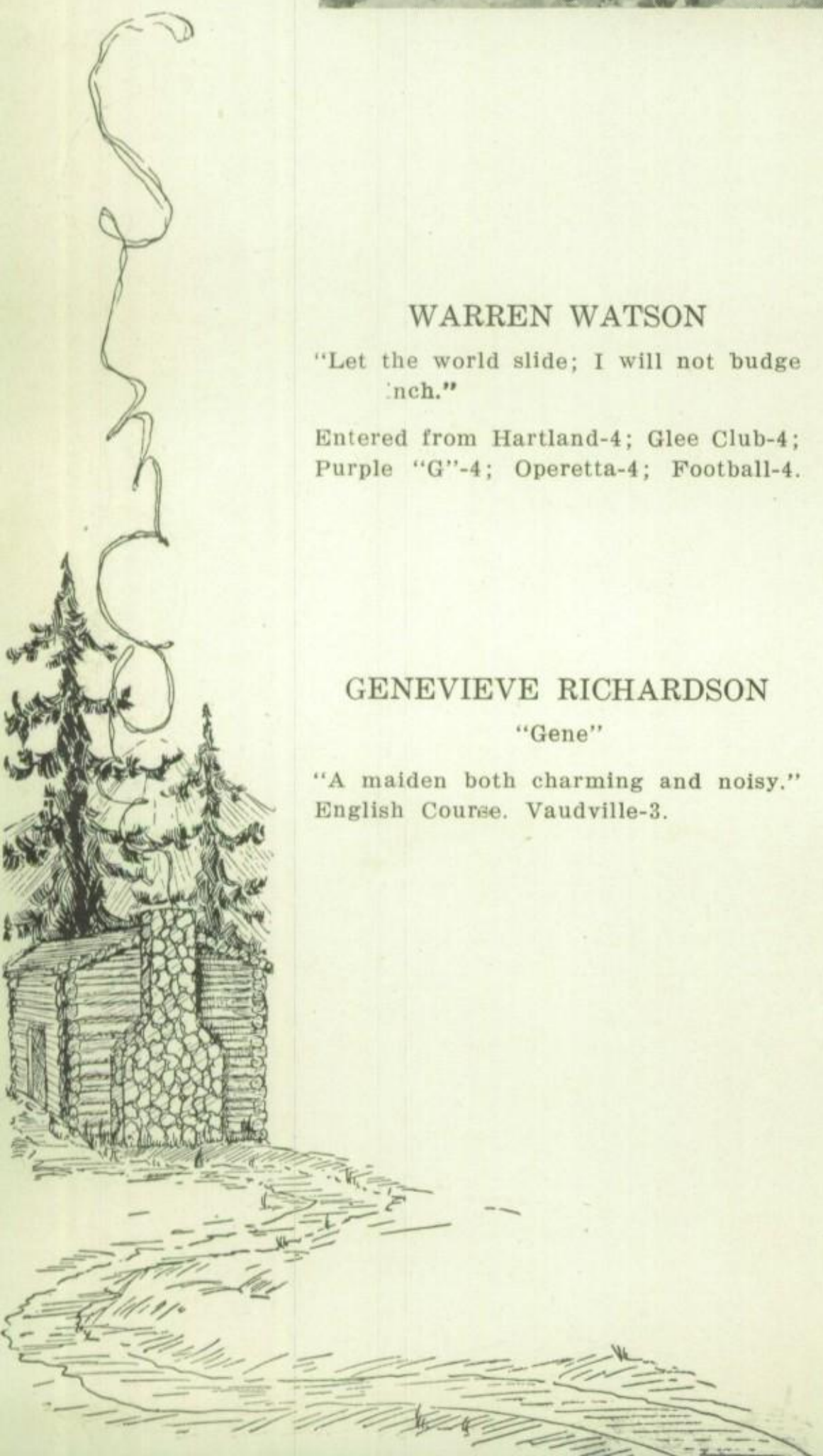
English Course. Glee Club-4; Class Play-3-4; Operetta-4; Music Contest-4.

VIOLET MILLER "Vi"

"Her frowns are fairer far, than the smiles of other maidens are."

Scientific Course. Entered from Centerville-3; Glee Club-4; Class Play-3; Operetta-4; Music Contest-4.





WARREN WATSON

"Let the world slide; I will not budge inch."

Entered from Hartland-4; Glee Club-4; Purple "G"-4; Operetta-4; Football-4.

RICHARD PRIDHAM "Pridham"

"Resolved to run or ruin the state!"

English Course. Entered from The Dalles, Oregon-3; Class Play-4.

GENEVIEVE RICHARDSON

"Gene"

"A maiden both charming and noisy."
English Course. Vaudville-3.

RONALD RICHARDSON "Ron"

"The world knows nothing of its famous men."

Scientific Course. Entered from Centerville-3; Honor Society-3-4.

MARGARET SELLE "Selle"

"A success over all obstacles."

Scientific Course.

MYRIAM EDDIE "Eddie"

"I may talk when everyone else is through."

English Course. Glee Club-1-2-3-4; Operetta-4; Music Contest-1-2-3-4; Simcoe Staff-4.

GUY F. SHELLADY

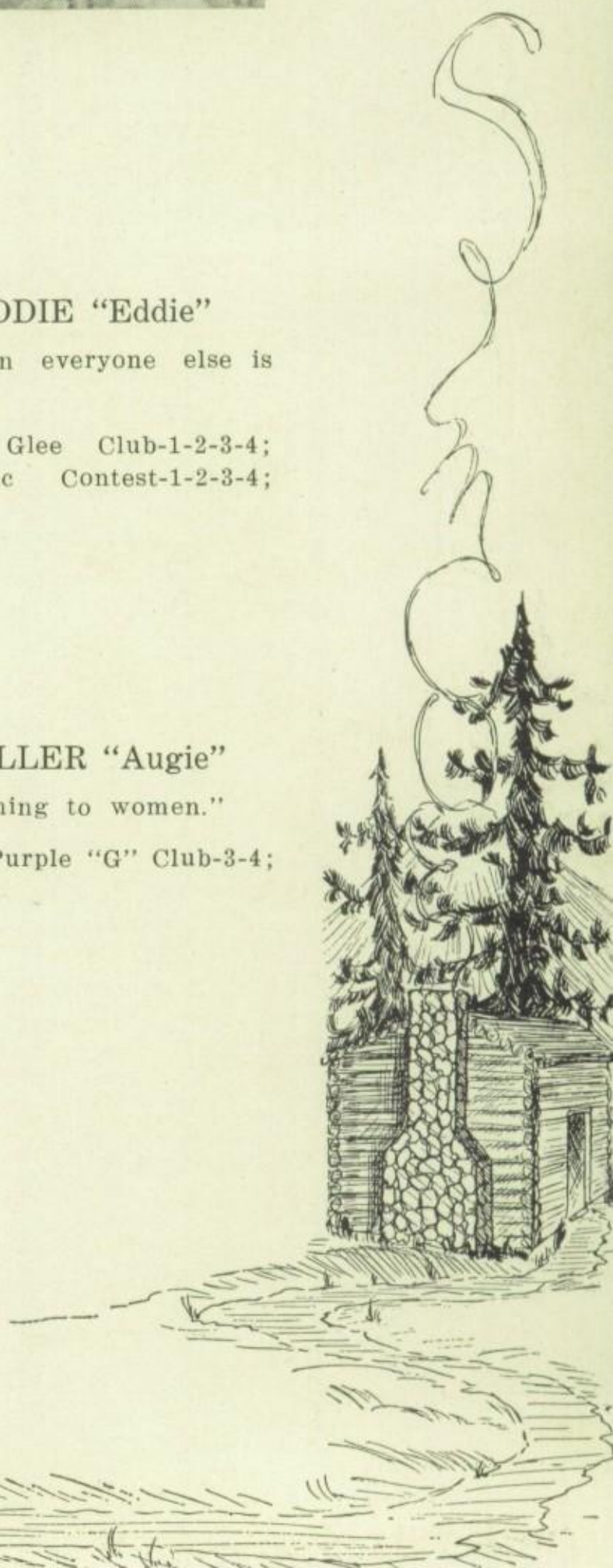
"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world."

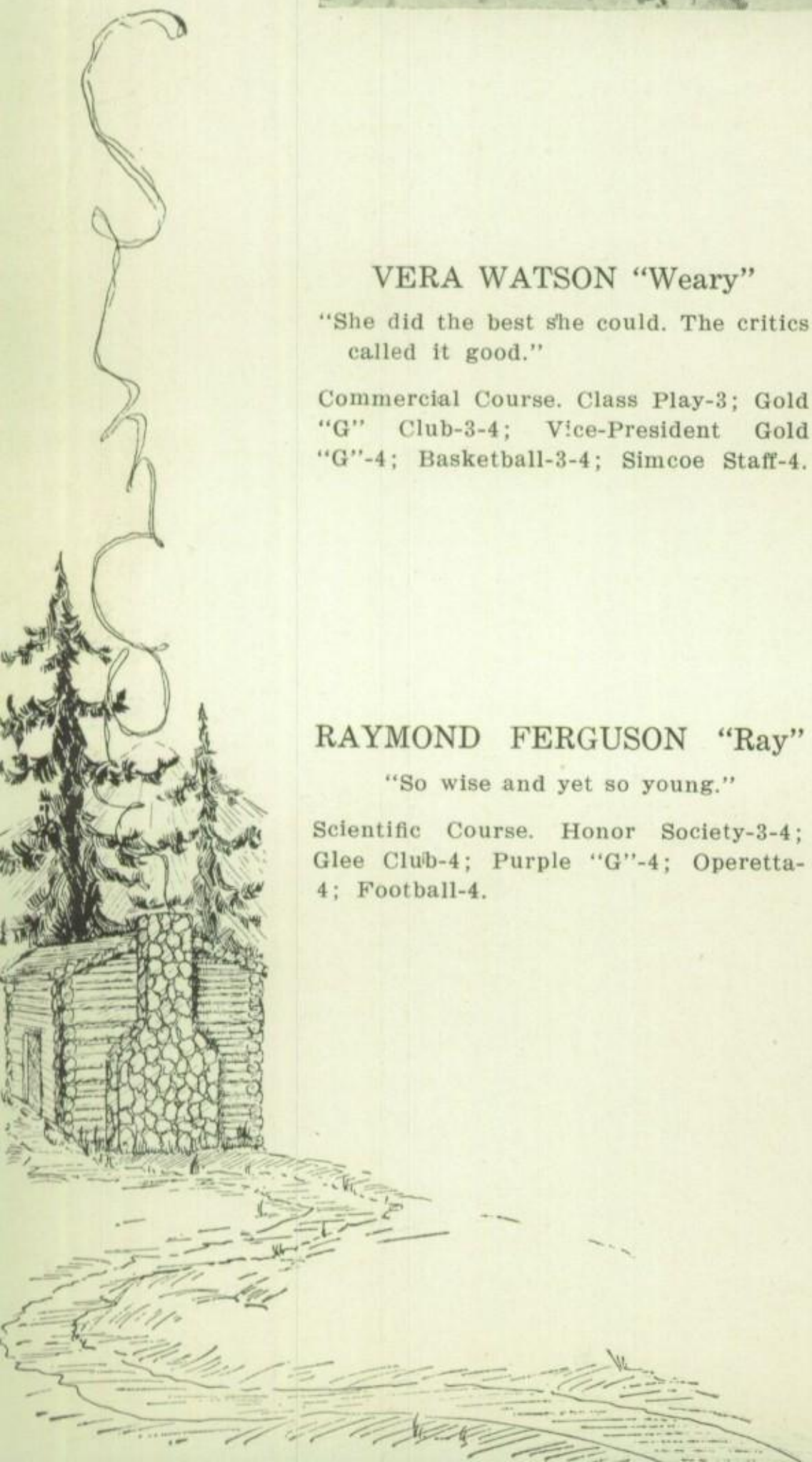
English Course.

ANGUST MILLER "Augie"

"I prefer anything to women."

Scientific Course. Purple "G" Club-3-4; Football-3-4.





VERA WATSON "Weary"

"She did the best she could. The critics called it good."

Commercial Course. Class Play-3; Gold "G" Club-3-4; Vice-President Gold "G"-4; Basketball-3-4; Simcoe Staff-4.

CLARA WILKINS

"Ambition has no rest."

Scientific Course. Class Play-3-4.

RAYMOND FERGUSON "Ray"

"So wise and yet so young."

Scientific Course. Honor Society-3-4; Glee Club-4; Purple "G"-4; Operetta-4; Football-4.

LESTER WINTER "Leck"

"Everything he does he does well, and he does everything."

Scientific Course. Entered from White Salmon-2; Vice-President Student Body-3; Class Representative-4; Honor-Society-3-4; Vice-Pres. Honor Society-3; Glee Club-2-3-4; Purple "G"-2-3-4; Sec. Purple "G"-4; Class Play-3-4; Ritzie Revue-2; Operetta-4; Basketball-2-3-4; Football-3-4; Track-2-4; Music Contest-2-3-4; Simcoe Staff-3-4.

EDWARD ALLISON "Ed"

"Ah! er, ? ? and I don't know."

English Course; Vice-President Class-3; Athletic Manager-3; Purple "G"-2-3-4; Treasurer Purple "G"-4; Class Play-4; Vaudville-3; Basketball-2-3-4; Football-2-3-4; Captain of Football-4; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4.

BERTHA TOBIN "Bert"

"A profuse strain of unpremeditated thought."

Engl'sh Course. Entered from Wishram-4.

THURMAN WARD "Wardie"

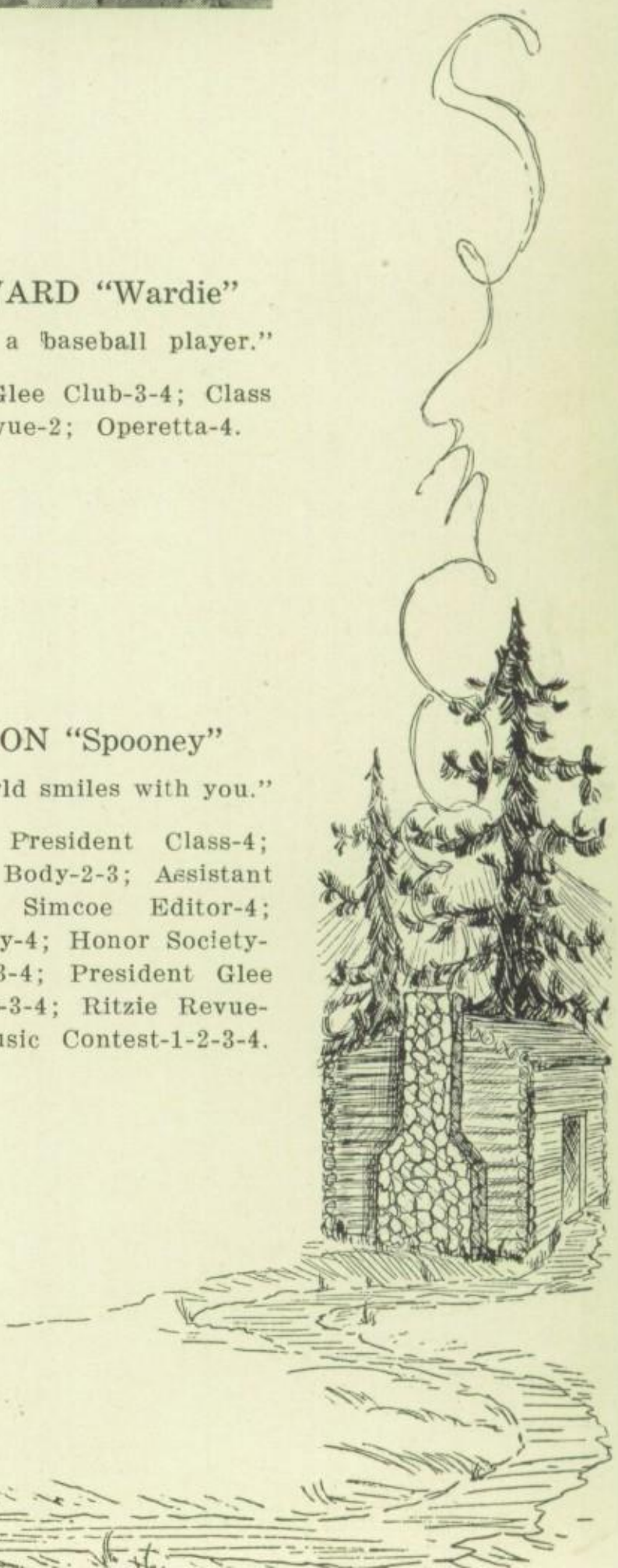
"I WILL become a baseball player."

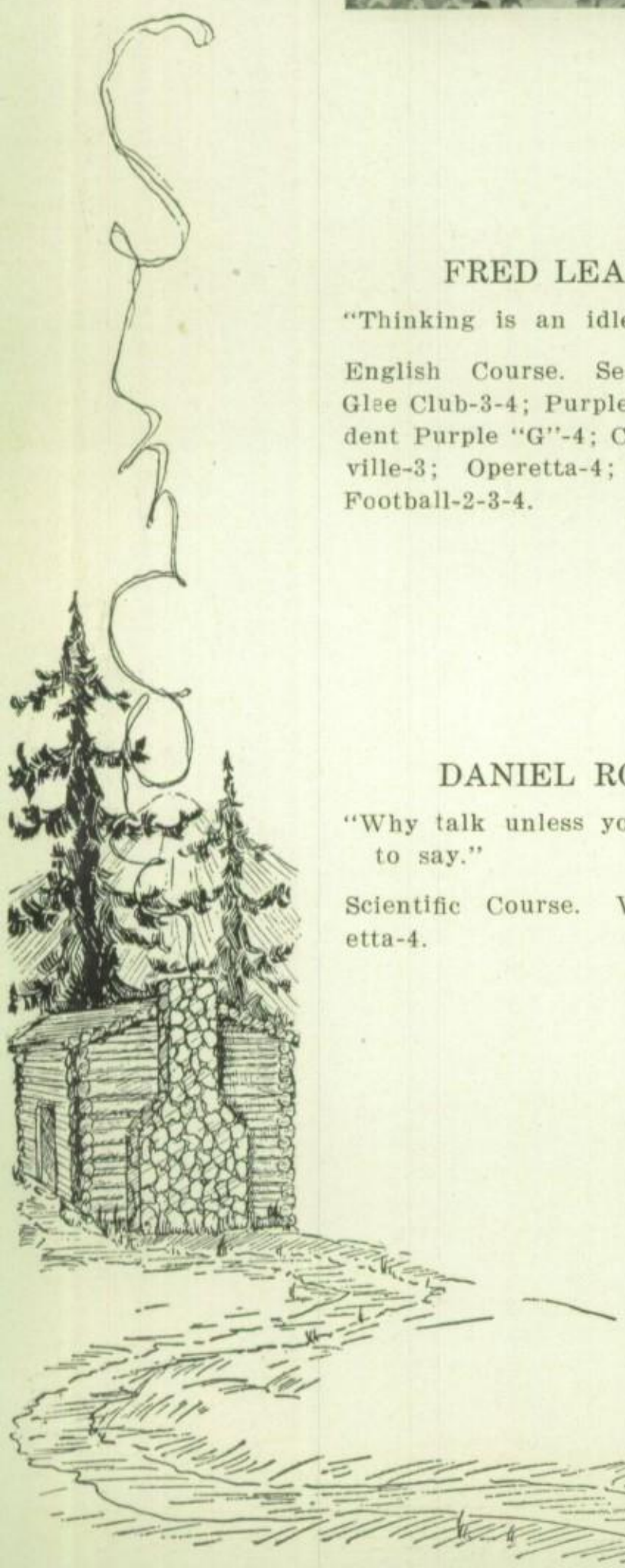
Scientific Course. Glee Club-3-4; Class Play-3; Ritzie Revue-2; Operetta-4.

NORMA SPOON "Spooney"

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

Classical Course. President Class-4; Secretary Student Body-2-3; Assistant Editor Simcoe-3; Simcoe Editor-4; Treas. Student Body-4; Honor Society-4; Glee Club-1-2-3-4; President Glee Club-4; Class Play-3-4; Ritzie Revue-2; Operetta-4; Music Contest-1-2-3-4.





FRED LEAR "Leaf"

"Thinking is an idle waste of time."

English Course. Sec. Treas. Class-3; Glee Club-3-4; Purple "G"-2-3-4; President Purple "G"-4; Class Play-4; Vaudville-3; Operetta-4; Basketball-2-3-4; Football-2-3-4.

HARRIETT SPALDING "Hattie"

"She makes a success of what 'ere she goes at."

English Course. VicePresident Class-4; Treas. Student Body-3; Vice-President Student Body-4; Class Play-4; Vaudville-3; Basketball-4; Simcoe Staff-3-4; President Honor Society-4.

DANIEL ROE "Dan"

"Why talk unless you have something to say."

Scientific Course. Vaudville-3; Operetta-4.

HOWARD BRATTON "Tal"

"I am a true Democrat."

Scientific Course. Secretary Class-4; Glee Club-3; Ritzie Revue-2; Vaudville-3; Class Play-4; Simcoe Staff-1-4.

FAY GOSNEY "Gosney"

"A maiden fair yet never bold."

English Course. Track-1-2.

CHARLES McEWEN "Pat"

"He watcheth his graceful maid as 'mid the virgin train she strayed."

English Course. Entered from Klickitat-2; Glee Club-3; Purple "G"-3-4; Ritzie Revue-2; Football-3-4; Simcoe Staff-4.

MILDRED CLAIRE BANKERD

"Stubby"

"A gentle maid by gentle deeds is known."

English Course. Eentered from Harrison, Idaho-4.

JAMES WILLIS "Em"

"Wine, women, and Mary."

Classical Course. President Class-1; Vice-President Class-2; President Class-3; Assistant Yell King-1; Business Manager-2-3; President Student Body-4; Honor Society-2-3-4; Sec. Honor Society-2-3; Glee Club-3-4; Purple "G" Club-4; Class Play-3-4; Vaudeville-1; Ritzie Revue-2; Operetta-4; Football-4; Basketball-4; Simcoe Staff-2-3-4.

SENIOR HISTORY

"Where do we go? What do we do? I'm scared!" these were the general exclamations in the fall of '26 when thirty-three individuals known as freshmen entered for the first time with wobbly knees the doors of G. H. S. to become members of the Student Body. This scare was soon past, and in its place came pep and enthusiasm as well as love for our new life.

We organized this first year with Miss Shelton as our class advisor and the following officers: James Willis, president; Ralph Fenton, secretary; James Hall, treasurer; and Margaret Plett, Simcoe representative.

In our Sophomore year we were more self-assured and did not have to be told what to do and how to do it, as in this year we were among the leaders in all events. Edward Allison earned a letter in both football and basketball, while Ralph Fenton earned a letter in football, and Lester Winter one in basketball and track. James Willis was elected business manager and Norma Spoon secretary of the Student Body, and Jean Coffield and James Willis were elected yell leaders. Besides these Norma Spoon, James Willis and Harriett Spalding also earned membership in the Torch Honor Society. Our officers were: James Hall, president; James Willis, vice-president; Jean Coffield, secretary-treasurer; Howard Bratton, Simcoe representative; and Miss Shelton, class advisor.

Thirty members enrolled in our third year. At last we were upper classmen and proud of it. Officers elected were: James Willis, president; Junior Allison, vice-president; Fred Lear, secretary-treasurer; Jean Coffield, Simcoe representative; and Miss Shelton, class advisor.

Again we were well represented in activities. In football those receiving letters were Edward Allison, Donald Coffield, Chester Dugger, August Miller, Fred Lear and Lester Winter. In basketball, Edward Allison, Fred Lear, Lester Winter, Vera Watson and Jean Coffield received letters. We had four Board of Control officers, Lester Winter, Norma Spoon, Harriett Spalding and James Willis.

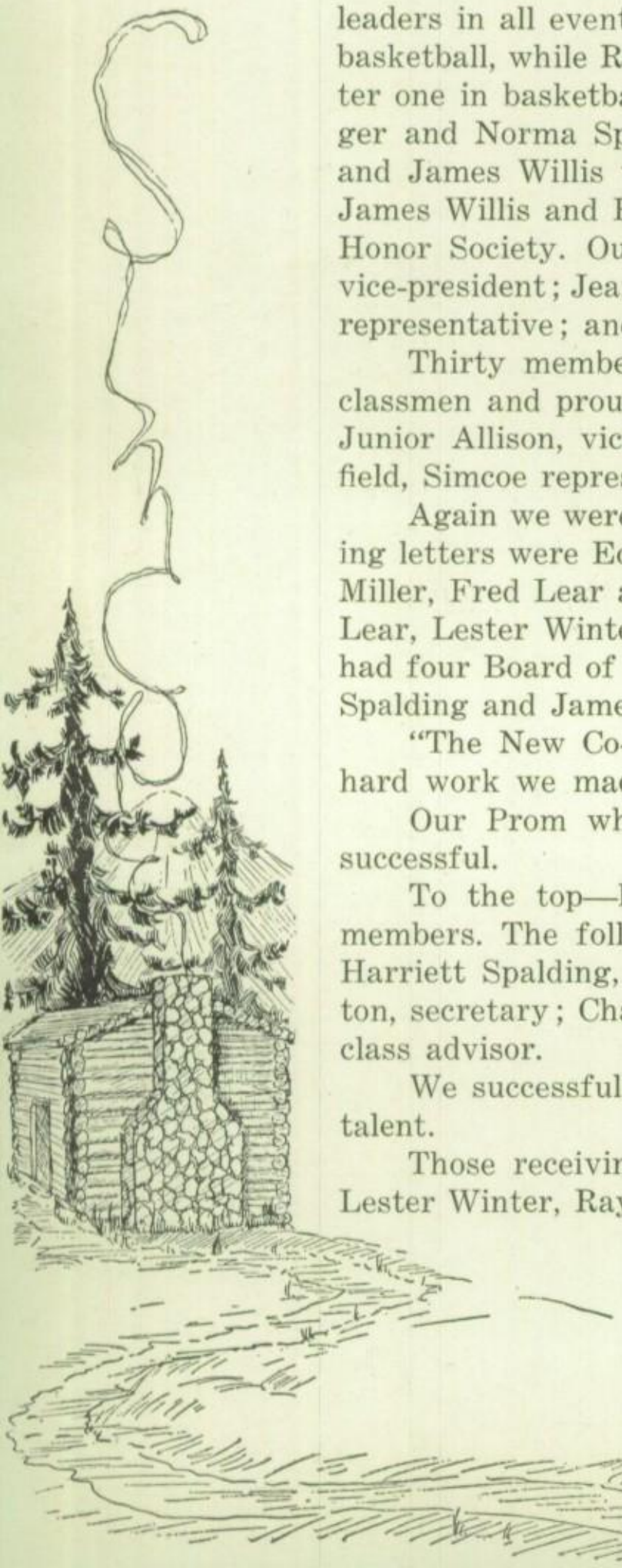
"The New Co-ed" was chosen as our play, and with three weeks of hard work we made it a success.

Our Prom which was held the nineteenth of April was also very successful.

To the top—humble, dignified Seniors we entered with thirty-two members. The following officers were elected: Norma Spoon, president; Harriett Spalding, vice-president; Leo Jackson, treasurer; Howard Bratton, secretary; Charles McEwen, Simcoe representative, and Mrs. Bacher, class advisor.

We successfully presented our class play "Oh, Kay" and showed our talent.

Those receiving letters in footbail are: Edward Allison, Fred Lear, Lester Winter, Raymond Ferguson, James Willis, Chester Dugger, August



Miller, Leo Jackson, Charles McEwen, and Warren Watson.

James Willis, Fred Lear, Lester Winter, Charles McEwen, and Junior Allison received letters in basketball.

Besides furnishing the Student Body President, James Willis, four other members hold offices.

These have been four happy years, and we hate to leave, but we will try our best to make G. H. S. proud of us in the future.

C. R. W. '30

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF US, THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1930, of the GOLDENDALE HIGH SCHOOL in the city of GOLDENDALE, WASH., this 23rd DAY OF MAY in the year of your Lord, one thousand nine hundred and THIRTY.

WE REVOKE all former Wills or other testamentary Dispositions made by us at any time heretofore and declare this only to be and contain our last Will and Testament.

WE DIRECT all our just debts to be paid and satisfied by our Executors hereinafter named as soon as conveniently may be after our departure.

WE GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH all our Real (and unreal) Personal (and impersonal) Estate of which we leave this school possessed in the following manner, that is to say:

Article I

Edward Allison bequeaths his basketball prowess and careful, slow driving to Martin Cahill, and his fascination for Oregon girls and his delicate voice to Raymond Mueller.

Jean Coffield bequeaths her incessant chatter and flighty manner to Clara Lefever. She leaves the coach, with explicit instructions as to the care of a football mentor, to Louise Dressel.

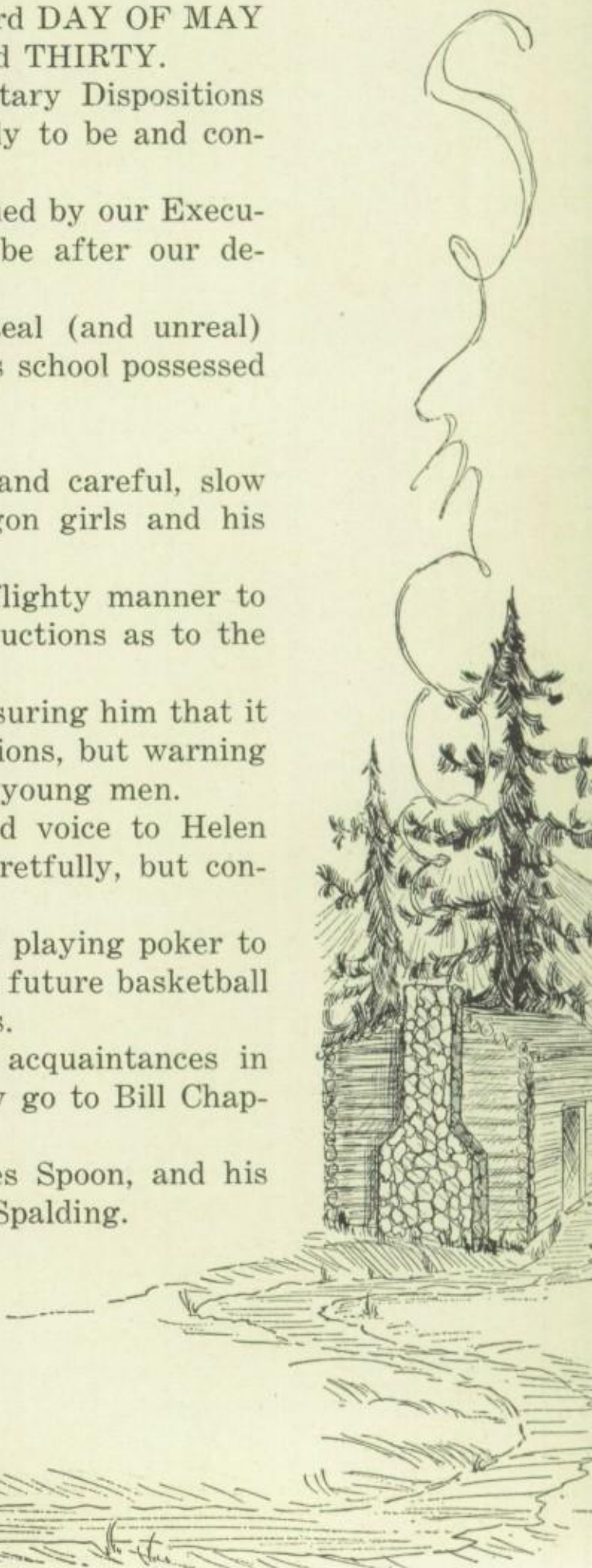
Howard Bratton wills his Ford to Raymond Selle, assuring him that it has a wonderful pick-up in both speed and lady companions, but warning him that it has been the downfall of several innocent young men.

Myriam Eddie gives her boisterous manner and loud voice to Helen Collins. Her place on the Glee Club she parts with regretfully, but consents to give it to Edna Sanstrum.

Chester Dugger wills his immobile expression while playing poker to Jackie Dressel, feeling that he might be able to use it in future basketball trips. His love for hiking he leaves to Verona Oltmanns.

Mildred Jackson bequeaths her many and varied acquaintances in Centerville to Lois Spalding. Her good grades in History go to Bill Chapman.

Raymond Ferguson leaves his curly hair to Charles Spoon, and his affection for pleasingly plump girl friends to Howard Spalding.



Genevieve Richardson wills her big eyes and accompanying baby stare to Margaret McEwen. She also leaves her slender and delicate figure to Maxine McAllister.

James Hall gladly wills his facility for making breaks in class to Tom Wilson, and his Saturday seat in the Music Store to Vernon Rude.

Margaret Selle gives her cute little lisp and blond curls to Margaret Moore. Her wide knowledge of French and Chemistry is left to Velma Elliott.

Leo Jackson donates his mustard-colored Ford to John Scheel so that John may stay out all hours of the night to torment the night-watchman.

Oleta Silver bequeaths her good looking legs to Barbara Wendorf, to aid in her dancing career. Her job in the kitchen on Campus day is gladly given to Florenz Wedgewood.

Freddie Lear bequeaths his habit of unfailing devotion to Laura Coley, reminding her that the course of true love never runs smoothly. His skill in basketball he leaves to Raymond Mueller.

Harriett Spalding leaves her quiet and unassuming maner to Amanda Westerman. She also gives her place in the Honor Society and position as vice-president of Student Body to Walter Hamilton.

Robert Ludlum leaves his studious manner to Donald Brewer, and his love for wild parties he gives to Bobbie Hoctor.

Norma Spoon wills her schoolgirl giggle to Virginia Tubandt. Her place in all duets, trios and quartettes she gives to Vernita Bowman.

Bertha Tobin bequeaths her automobile to Marie McDowell, if by chance the little Chevrolet shoud become too small. She gives her hairnet to Doris Roberts.

Charles McEwen bequeaths his quiet manner in class and his dainty figure to Paul Sanstrum. His red hair goes to Nellie Harp.

August Miller leaves his boisterous, forward manner to Fred Anderson, feeling that Fred might get along better in the world if he were not so bashful. Augie also donates his pale complexion to Cora Watson.

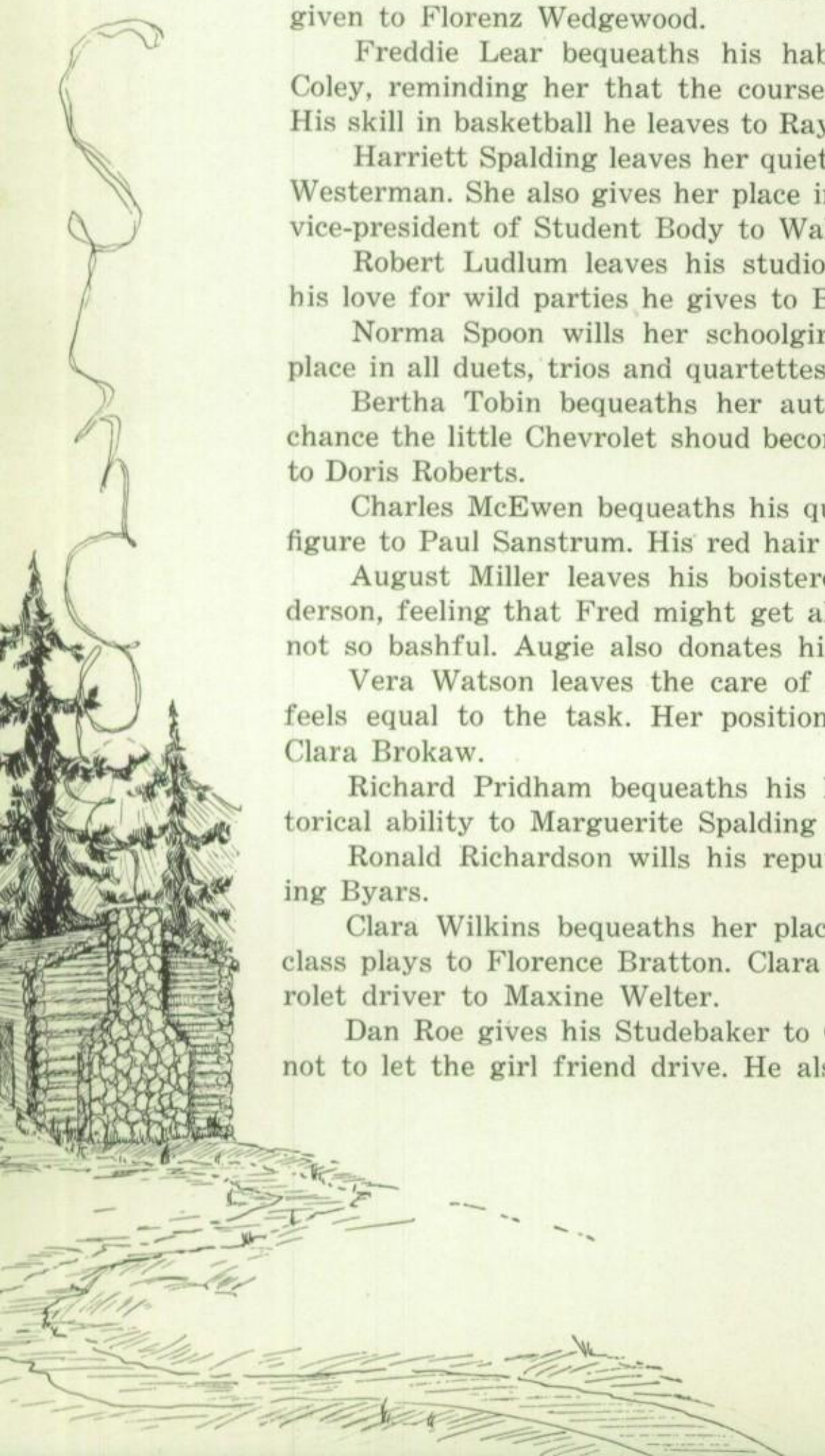
Vera Watson leaves the care of her younger sister to anyone who feels equal to the task. Her position on the basketball squad goes to Clara Brokaw.

Richard Pridham bequeaths his love of an argument and his oratorical ability to Marguerite Spalding .

Ronald Richardson wills his reputation as a woman hater to Fleming Byars.

Clara Wilkins bequeaths her place in the elderly lady parts in the class plays to Florence Bratton. Clara also wills her job as official Chevrolet driver to Maxine Welter.

Dan Roe gives his Studebaker to Clarence Schroeder, but warns him not to let the girl friend drive. He also leaves to Otis Jackson the duty



of watching over the end of Main Street. His job as attendance slip collector is left to Vera Fuhrman.

Guy Shellady donates his wavy hair to Frank Lainhart, but reminds him that it must be combed twelve times daily to appear at best advantage. He also leaves his never-failing youthfulness to Don Brewer.

Mildred Bankerd bequeaths her husky drawl to Mary Nelson. She leaves her love for horseback riding and her fascination for dark men with mustaches to Nedra Bowman.

Thurman Ward wills his bold way with women and slick pompadour to Harold Burgen. His place as sub on the basketball team is given to Kirk McKee.

Warren Watson bequeaths the privilege of taking the teachers home each noon to Robert Strahl. His innocent baby stare, he parts with reluctantly, but considers that Marjorie LeBlanc will be a good and careful protector for it henceforth.

James Willis donates his scrupulous haircut and calm manner to Ernestine Miller; James also gives his office as president and his place on the honor roll to Loren Hamilton trusting that the shock of seeing his name elsewhere besides the detention list will not prove fatal.

Violet Miller wills her great weight to Frances Smith. Her almost red hair and many freckles go to Allan Counts.

Lester Winter wills his determined chin and manly stride to Charles Spoon. His place on the basketball team as sure-shot forward goes to Marvin Kamholz.

Faye Gosney wills her red hair and its permanent wave to Mildred Swan. Her good figure is given with utmost regret to Mary McEwen.

Article II

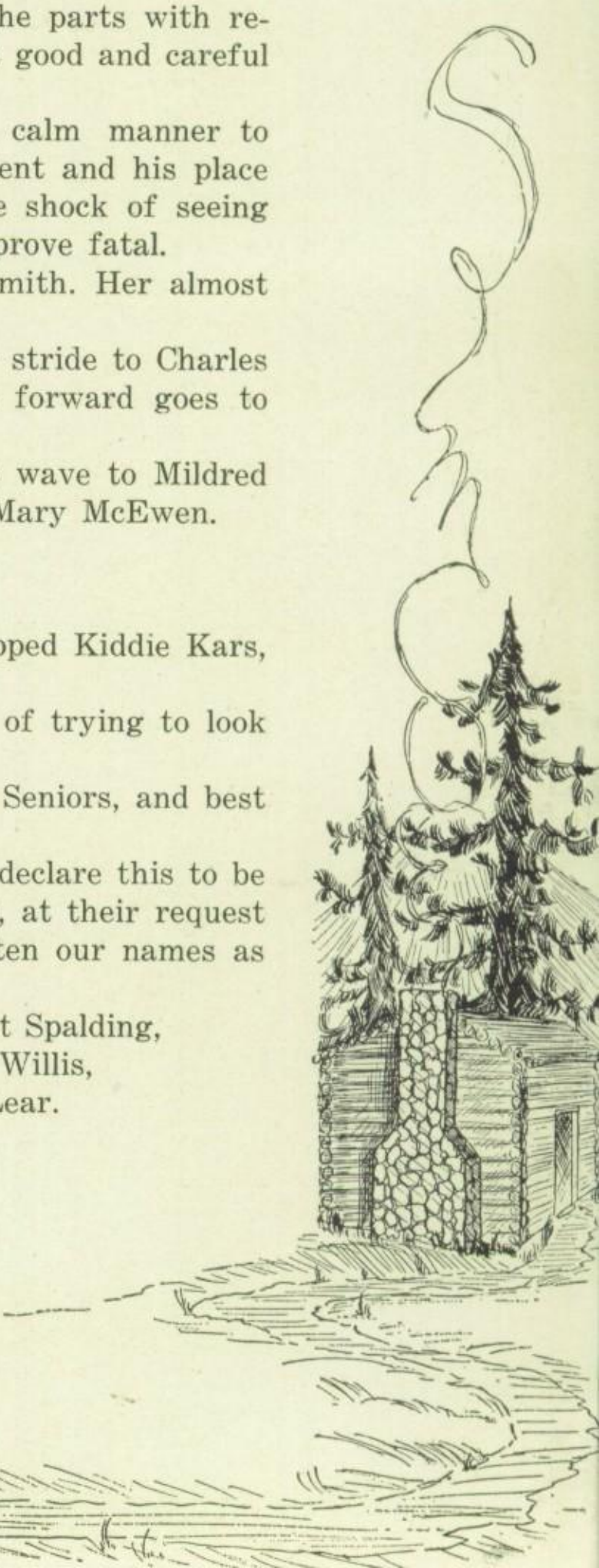
To the Frosh we bequeath a caravan of fully equipped Kiddie Kars, used by us in our youth.

To the Sophomores we bequeath the difficult task of trying to look intelligent during assemblies.

To the Juniors we leave the privilege of becoming Seniors, and best wishes that they may keep their Sneak date a secret.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the Class of '30 hereby declare this to be their last Will and Testament, and we, the undersigned, at their request and in the presence of each other, have hereunto written our names as subscribing witnesses.

Harriett Spalding,
James Willis,
Fred Lear.



SENIOR PROPHECY

"Here comes the Denver Limited," shouted the guard as an immense silver colored zeppelin came into view. In a few seconds the magnificient ship glided into the landing station. As the gang plank dropped into place I walked up into the liner through the door marked "Entrance." Just as I was entering the library I met a distinguished looking man dressed in a natty uniform.

Much to my surprise and delight I recognized Lester Winter. He immediately took me to his office where we talked over old times when we were enrolled in G. H. S. He pushed a button on the side of his desk and almost instantly a door opened and Oleta Silver entered the room. She was private secretary to the Captain.

When we arrived in Denver I persuaded them to come to my hotel. While we were talking a bell boy announced that the hotel manager wished to see us.

I had no idea of the surprise in store for us as we were ushered into the lavishly decorated drawing room of the manager's suite. "Norma Spoon," we exclaimed as a charming young lady advanced to meet us. She told us that she was the manager of the hotel and had chanced to see us as we were passing through the lobby.

Since this was Thursday we had the rest of the week off, thanks to the law establishing the four day laboring week which had been put through Congress by Senator Edward Allison and Representative Richard Pridham.

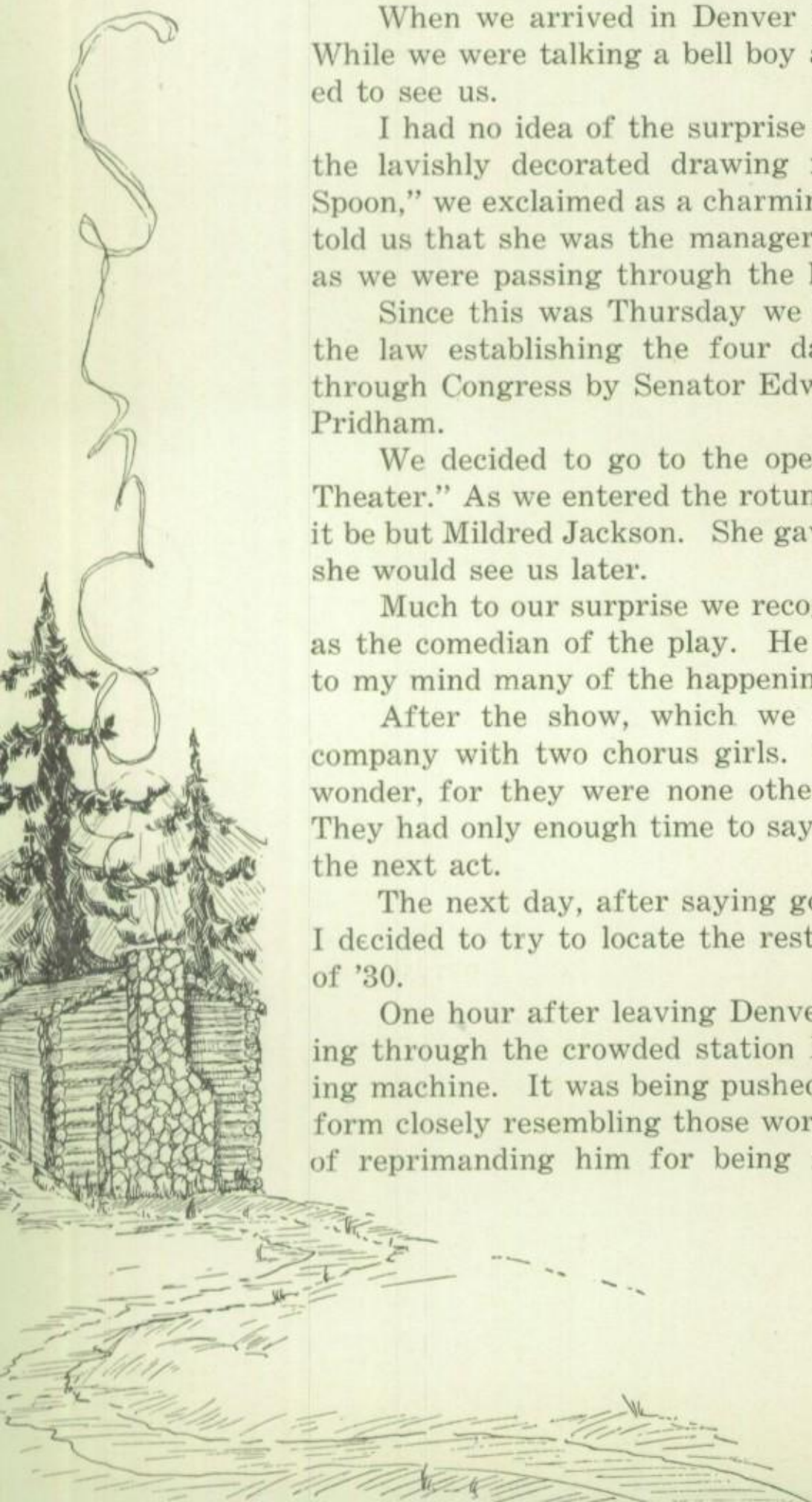
We decided to go to the opening of the magnificient new "Granada Theater." As we entered the rotunda an usher came forward. Who should it be but Mildred Jackson. She gave us the best seats in the house and said she would see us later.

Much to our surprise we recognized our old classmate, "Pat" McEwen as the comedian of the play. He was certainly a scream, and it brought to my mind many of the happenings back in G. H. S.

After the show, which we all enjoyed, we again met Mildred in company with two chorus girls. They looked strangely familiar, and no wonder, for they were none other than Myriam Eddie and Fay Gosney. They had only enough time to say "Hello" since they had to get ready for the next act.

The next day, after saying good-bye to my old classmates in Denver, I decided to try to locate the rest of the members of the illustrious class of '30.

One hour after leaving Denver I arrived in Chicago. As I was walking through the crowded station I was rudely bumped by a strange looking machine. It was being pushed along by a man dressed in a white uniform closely resembling those worn by street cleaners. I was on the point of reprimanding him for being so careless when I recognized Howard



Bratton.

He said he was running a machine which scraped up the gum from the floor. He also told me that since the recent discoveries in the realm of science made by Robert Ludlum it was now possible to make gum by a new process for one cent a package, hence the need for this gum scraper.

I said good-bye to Howard and left the depot. Upon reaching the street I called a taxi. I entered the car and as I glanced at the driver, who should I see but Warren Watson.

I told him of my intentions to try to find all the members of the Class of '30. He was very enthusiastic over this and offered to help. He said he knew many of them were in Chicago.

We started down Wabash Avenue when suddenly a motorcycle cop drew up alongside us. We stopped, and I stepped out wondering why we had been held up. The officer walked over to us and started to hand Warren a ticket for speeding when I exclaimed, "Augie!" For sure enough it was August Miller.

About that time a siren began to blow, and August dashed off to clear the street. As we again entered the taxi, Warren said, "Well, I guess August has at last attained his ambition for speed."

After driving around for some time we pulled into a gas station to renew our supply of gas. The man who filled our tank I recognized as Guy Shellady. While we were talking to him he informed us that we had a flat tire so we drove into the repair shop.

While the tire was being repaired I walked around through the garage. I noticed a man directing some work on a large motor. Thinking his voice sounded familiar I came closer. Just then he turned around, and I recognized my old classmate, Chester Dugger. He told me he was the shop foreman and consequently very busy, so that he was unable to talk long with me.

By that time the tire was repaired and just as we started to drive out, a nifty low hung and powerful roadster came to a stop in front of us. I recognized the lady at the wheel as Jean Coffield.

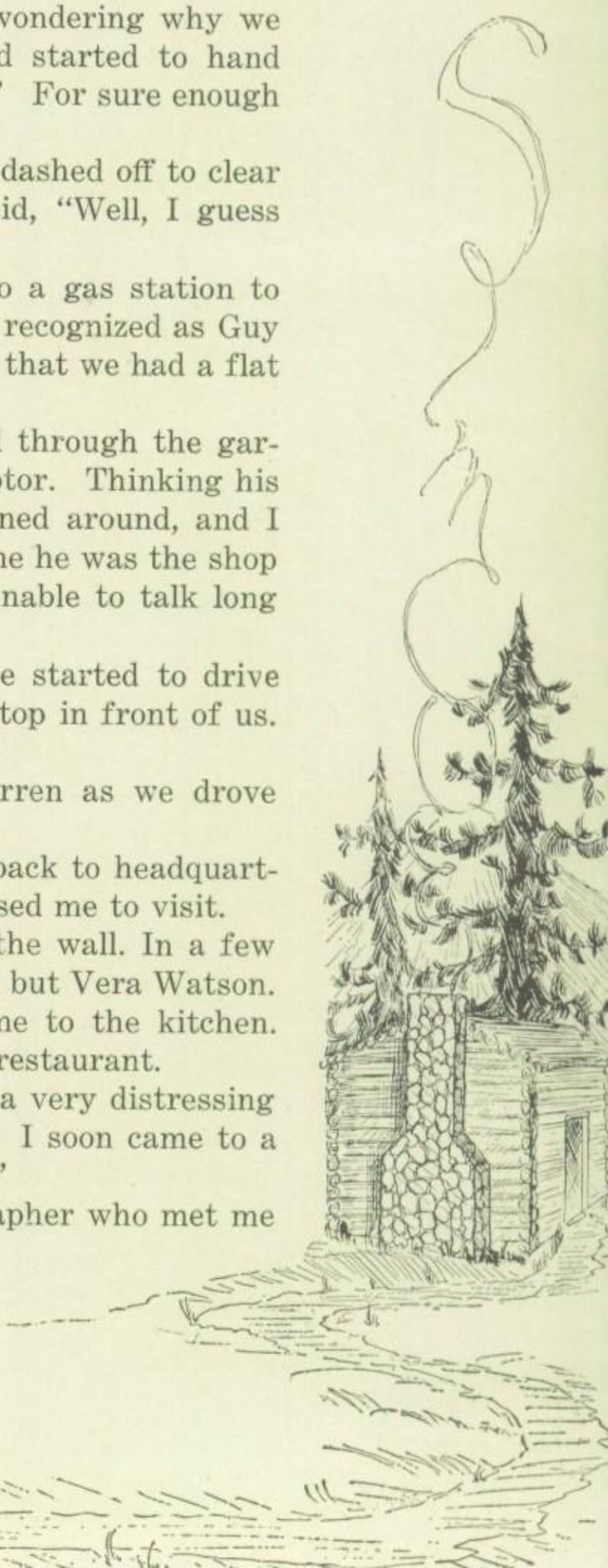
"Chicago's leading society matron," explained Warren as we drove away.

Since it was now six o'clock Warren had to report back to headquarters. He dropped me off in front of a cafe which he advised me to visit.

I entered the cafe and took a small table next to the wall. In a few moments a waitress came forward and who should she be but Vera Watson. She gave me a wonderful dinner and afterwards led me to the kitchen. There I met Bertha Tobin, the assistant caterer of the restaurant.

The next morning, much to my sorrow, I developed a very distressing toothache, so I immediately saught the nearest dentist. I soon came to a sign on which was inscribed, "Dr. Danial Roe, Dentist."

I entered the office, and to my surprise the stenographer who met me



was Mildred Bankerd. I told her I was suffering from a tootache and wished to see Dr. Roe. She led me into the adjoining room and said , "Another patient, Dr. Roe."

To my delight it was my old classmate, Dan Roe, in person. He speedily and painlessly stopped my toothache. Owing to the fact that he was very busy he had little time to talk with me.

On emerging from his office who should I meet but James Hall. We talked for some time during which he informed me he was the program director and announcer for radio station W L S.

I asked him if he knew of any more of our old classmates. He replied that Genevieve Richardson was the proprietor of a famous style shop. On entering the store I met Leo Jackson. He said that he had married, and his wife, a famous stage actress, was here buying her new spring wardrobe. Just then she approached and taking Leo by the arm, walked off. Poor Leo! He certainly had the appearance of a hen-pecked husband.

The following day I took a plane for Spokane. When I arrived at the station I found the place in an uproar. Newsboys were shouting, "All about the breaking up of Crime Ring." Becoming interested I purchased a paper. On the headlines were written in bold type, "District Attorney Willis Breaks Up Gang." I wondered if it could be Emmet and determined to find out, I took a taxi for the city hall, and on arriving I asked to see the District Attorney. I was led into the office, and there was James Willis.

While we were talking over old times who should enter but Thurman Ward. He told me he was practicing law in Spokane.

As I was leaving the office I met Violet Miller. She was in a great hurry and had only time enough to say "Hello." Thurman informed me she was a reporter for a local newspaper.

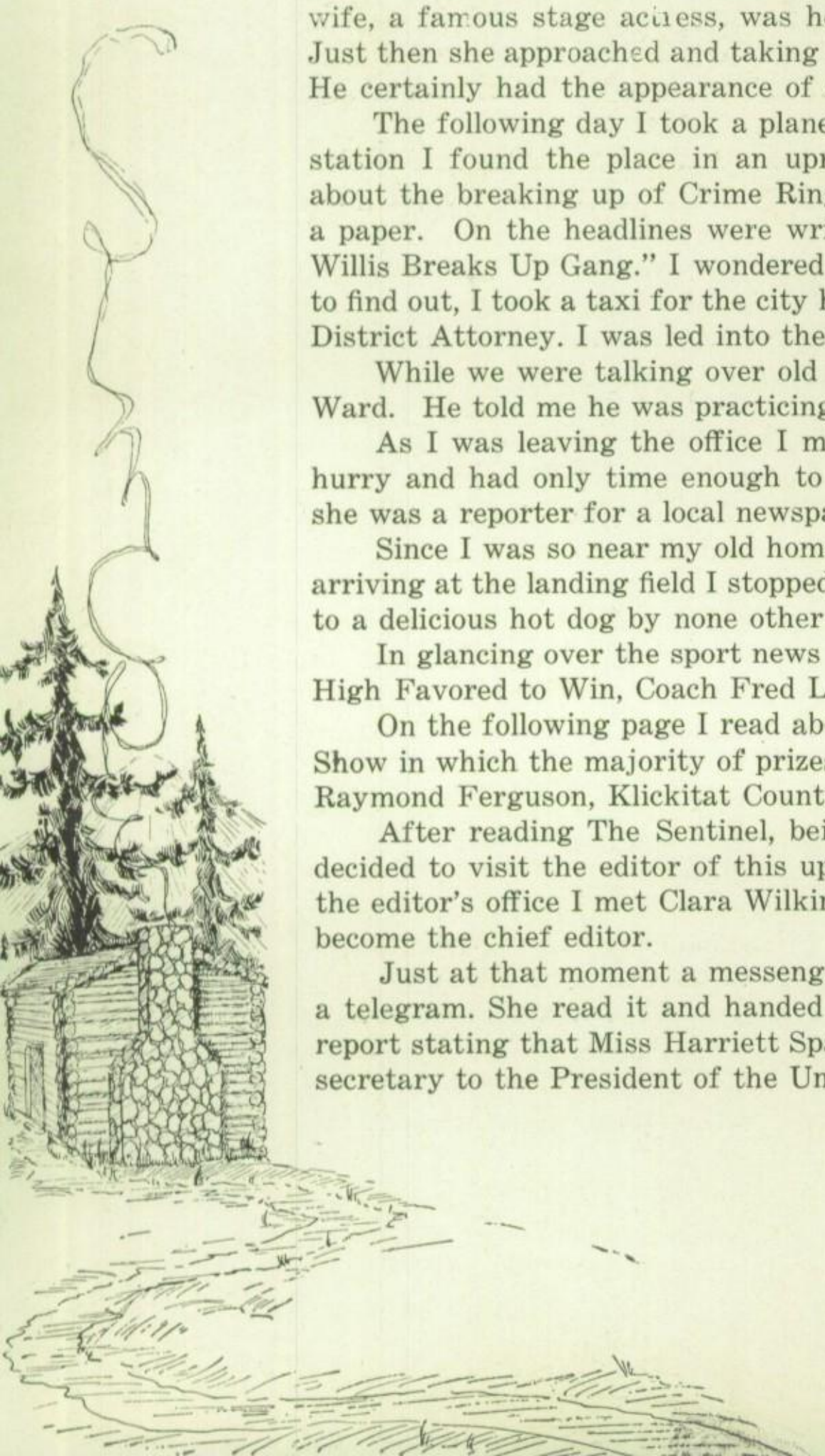
Since I was so near my old home I decided to visit Goldendale. After arriving at the landing field I stopped at a hot dog stand and was furnished to a delicious hot dog by none other than Margaret Selle.

In glancing over the sport news I noticed these headlines, "Goldendale High Favored to Win, Coach Fred Lear Says Team in Best Condition."

On the following page I read about the Pacific International Livestock Show in which the majority of prizes had been won by the stock owned by Raymond Ferguson, Klickitat County's leading livestock raiser.

After reading The Sentinel, being interested in journalism myself, I decided to visit the editor of this up and coming newspaper On entering the editor's office I met Clara Wilkins. She told me that she had recently become the chief editor.

Just at that moment a messenger entered the office and handed Clara a telegram. She read it and handed it to me. It was an Associated Press report stating that Miss Harriett Spalding had just been appointed private secretary to the President of the United States.



JUNIORS

CLASS COLORS—Yellow and Green

CLASS FLOWER—Yellow Rose

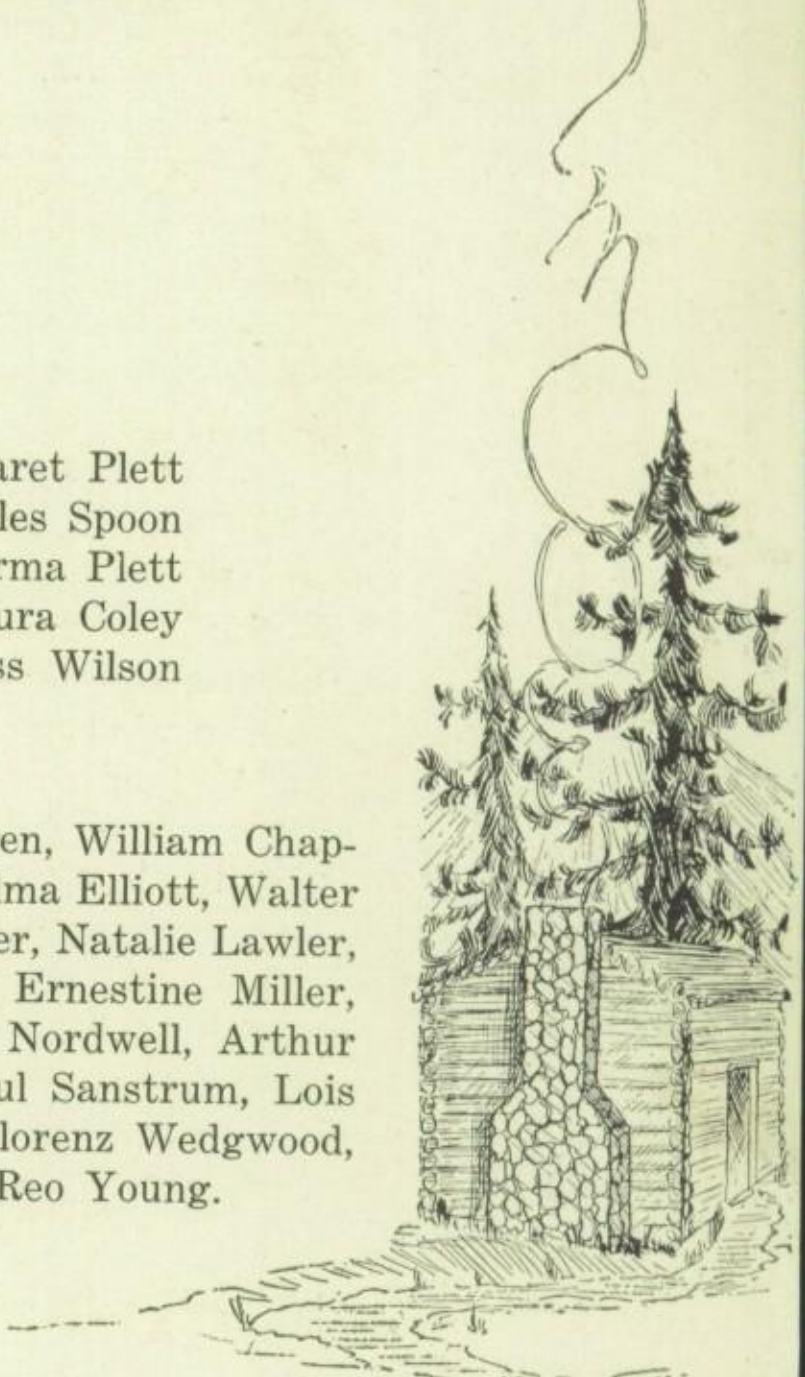
CLASS MOTTO—"We will."

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Margaret Plett
Vice-president	Charles Spoon
Secretary-treasurer	Erma Plett
Simcoe Representative	Laura Coley
Faculty Advisor	Miss Wilson

CLASS ROLL

Eleanor Amundson, Florence Bratton, Harold Burgen, William Chapman, Laura Coley, Henry Davenport, Louise Dressel, Velma Elliott, Walter Hamilton, Nellie Harp, Marvin Kamholz, Elizabeth Kayser, Natalie Lawler, Marjorie LeBlanc, Clara Lefever, Margaret McEwen, Ernestine Miller, Margaret Moore, Maude Myers, Mary Nelson, Winnie Nordwell, Arthur Perry, Erma Plett, Margaret Plett, Doris Roberts, Paul Sanstrum, Lois Spalding, Charles Spoon, Virgie Wade, Cora Watson, Florenz Wedgwood, Barbara Wendorf, Amanda Westermann, Tom Wilson, Reo Young.



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

We were the green Freshies of 1927-28. Although we were quite properly initiated, as Freshmen generally are, by the lofty seniors, we proved to be a remarkable Freshman Class, being represented in basketball, football, and both Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs.

The class chose yellow and green for our class colors, the yellow rose for the class flower, "We Will" for the class motto, and elected the following officers: Margaret Moore, president; Fred Lear, vice-president; Charles Spoon, secretary-treasurer; Douglas Ledbetter, Simcoe representative; and Miss Hale, class advisor.

The next year we entered the halls of G. H. S. more self-assured and this time elected for our officers: Margaret Plett, president; Louise Dressel, vice-president; Charles Spoon, secretary-treasurer; Erma Plett, Simcoe representative; and Miss Lewis, class advisor.

Again our class showed their pep and enthusiasm on the football field, on the basketball floor, in school activities, and in the class room. Twelve of the twenty-five members of the Torch Honor Society were Sophomores.

In this, our Junior year, we are still pushing rapidly forward and claim a big percentage of G. H. S.'s star athletes, activity workers, and honor students.

We have among us three lettermen, Reo Young being awarded a letter in basketball and Henry Davenport and Arthur Perry a letter in football. Four girls earned letters in basketball, Margaret McEwen, Louise Dressel, Lois Spalding, and Velma Elliott.

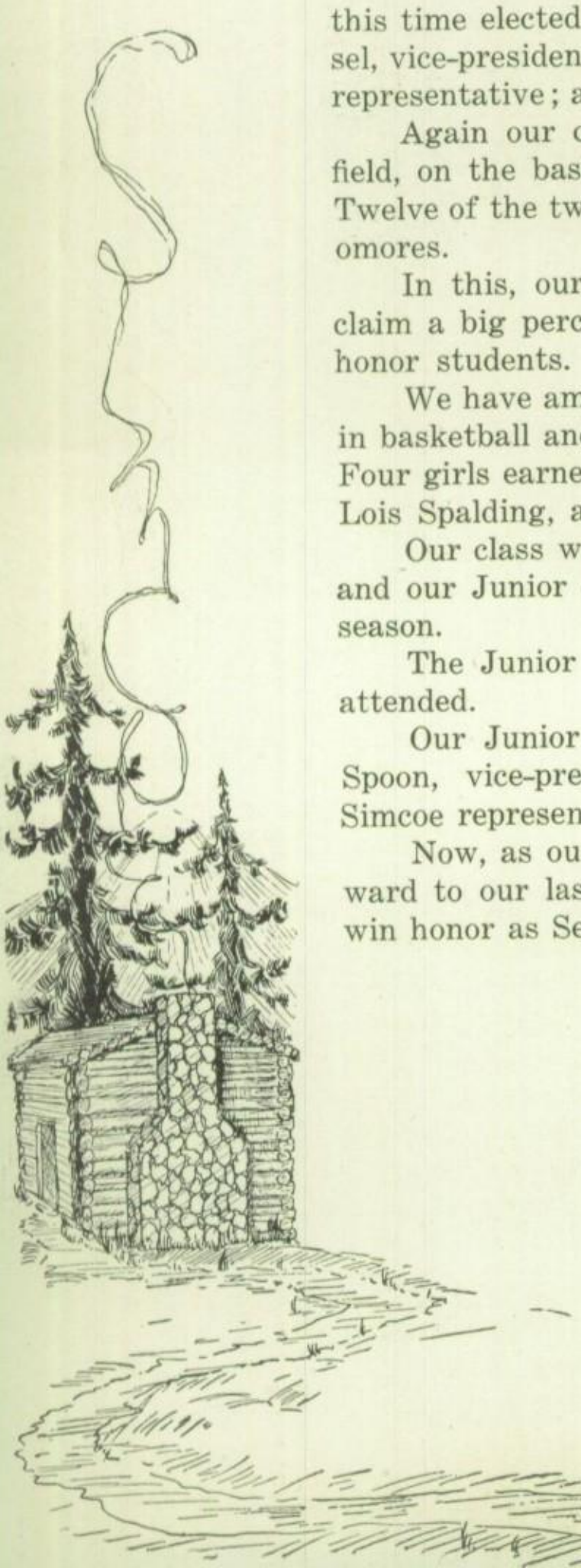
Our class was well represented in the cast of the operetta, "Pickles," and our Junior class play, "Fifty-Fifty," was the dramatic "hit" of the season.

The Junior Prom given March twenty-first was successful and well attended.

Our Junior Class officers were: Margaret Plett, president; Charles Spoon, vice-president; Erma Plett, secretary-treasurer; Laura Coley, Simcoe representative, and Miss Wilson, class advisor.

Now, as our third year of high school draws to a close, we look forward to our last and greatest year with the earnest hope that we may win honor as Seniors, the leaders of our beloved G. H. S.

L. C. '31.



SOPHOMORES

CLASS COLORS—Old Rose and Gray
CLASS FLOWER—Pink Rose Bud
CLASS MOTTO—"Facta non Verba"

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Jack Dressel
Vice-President	Florence Johnson
Secretary-treasurer	Maxine McAllister
Simcoe Representative	Paul McEwen
Faculty Advisor	Miss Shelton

CLASS ROLL

Frederick Anderson, Gordon Bath, Donald Brewer, Clara Brokaw, Donald Brooks, Hilma Bruner, Fleming Byars, Elizabeth Cummens, Charles Divers, Jack Dressel, Tommy Esteb, Vera Fuhrman, George Gunkel, Gayle Hobbs, Donald Jackson, Otis Jackson, Robert Jacroux, Florence Johnson, Frances Korthase, Frank Lainhart, Glenn Lee, James Lefever, Maxine McAllister, Marie McDowell, Mary McEwen, Paul McEwen, Ruth Mort, John Nelson, George Nickerson, Verona Oltmanns, Clayton Roloff, Josephine Sanders, John Scheel, Emma Seibold, Marjorie Smith, Marguerite Spalding, Gilbert Winterstein, Ruth Young.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

In the fall of 1928 a group of forty-eight freshmen gathered their senses together, and with mind alert cautiously entered the high school.

At the first opportunity, with Miss Porter as our class advisor, we assembled our class and elected the following class officers: Mary McEwen, president, Frederick Anderson, vice-president, Freda Watson, secretary-treasurer, Freda Nichols and Ruth Young, Simcoe representatives.

At the first of the school year the Seniors gave a mixer for the benefit of the Freshmen. At this party the Freshmen were initiated by the worthy upper-classmen. In spite of the mode of initiation we enjoyed it, especially the lunch after "their party."

This year the Class of '32 entered G. H. S. as a group of proud Sophomores with a membership of thirty-eight.

With Miss Shelton as our class advisor the following officers were elected: Jack Dressel, president; Florence Johnson, vice-president; Maxine McAllister, secretary-treasurer; Paul McEwen, Simcoe representative.

Our class was well represented in athletics, having three men in football and one in basketball.

In the intereclass games the boys ran the Seniors a close race for the cup. The girls also took second place for the cup, being defeated by the Juniors.

P. Mc. '32

FRESHMEN

CLASS COLORS—Rose pink and green
CLASS FLOWER—Pink Peony and green leaves
CLASS MOTTO—"Be a lifter, not a leaner."

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Maxine Welter
Vice-president	Kirk McKee
Secretary-treasurer	Loren Hamilton
Simcoe Representative	Freda Watson
Faculty Advisor	Miss Bleakney

CLASS ROLL

Doris Baker, Loris Baker, Nedra Bowman, Vernita Bowman, Edith Bratton, Ernest Brokaw, Harland Burgen, Martin Cahill, Helen Collins, Allyn Counts, Maravene Crooks, Henry Culver, Loren Hamilton, Ralph Harlan, Mitchell Henslee, Richard Hobbs, Robert Hoctor, Edna Huot, Roy Linden, Bill Locy, Kirk McKee, Chester McKune, Dorothy Miller, Dale Montgomery, Raymond Mueller, Della Norris, Myrel Powell, Inez Robertson, Vernon Rude, Edna Sanstrum, Clarence Schroder, Cecil Schuster, Raymond Selle, Frances Smith, Howard Spalding, Walter Story, Robert Strahl, Mildred Swan, Nellie Tallman, Judson Taylor, Willis Trowbridge, Virginia Tubandt, Velma Warren, Freda Watson, Orville Watson, Woodrow Watson, Maxine Welter, Merle Winterstein, Vera Winterstein.

FRESHMEN HISTORY

On that fatal day of September 9, 1929 forty-six timid freshmen entered the halls of G. H. S. Having entered we soon found out that we were given the privilege of bowing to all upper-classmen and the faculty when we met them.

The first day was given to class organization, during which we elected Maxine Welter, president; Kirk McKee, vice-president; Loren Hamilton, secretary-treasurer; Freda Watson, Simcoe representative; and Miss Bleakney, class advisor.

The Senior mixer came and went, with the Freshmen none the worse for their gruesome experience, and ready and willing to return the Seniors' compliment.

The Freshmen mixer was a Hallowe'en party which was a success, with splendid eats topping it all.

Our class has been well represented in both Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs and other student body activities.

All in all our first year in G. H. S. has been a success much of which is due to Miss Bleakney our class advisor.

F. W. '33

ALUMNI

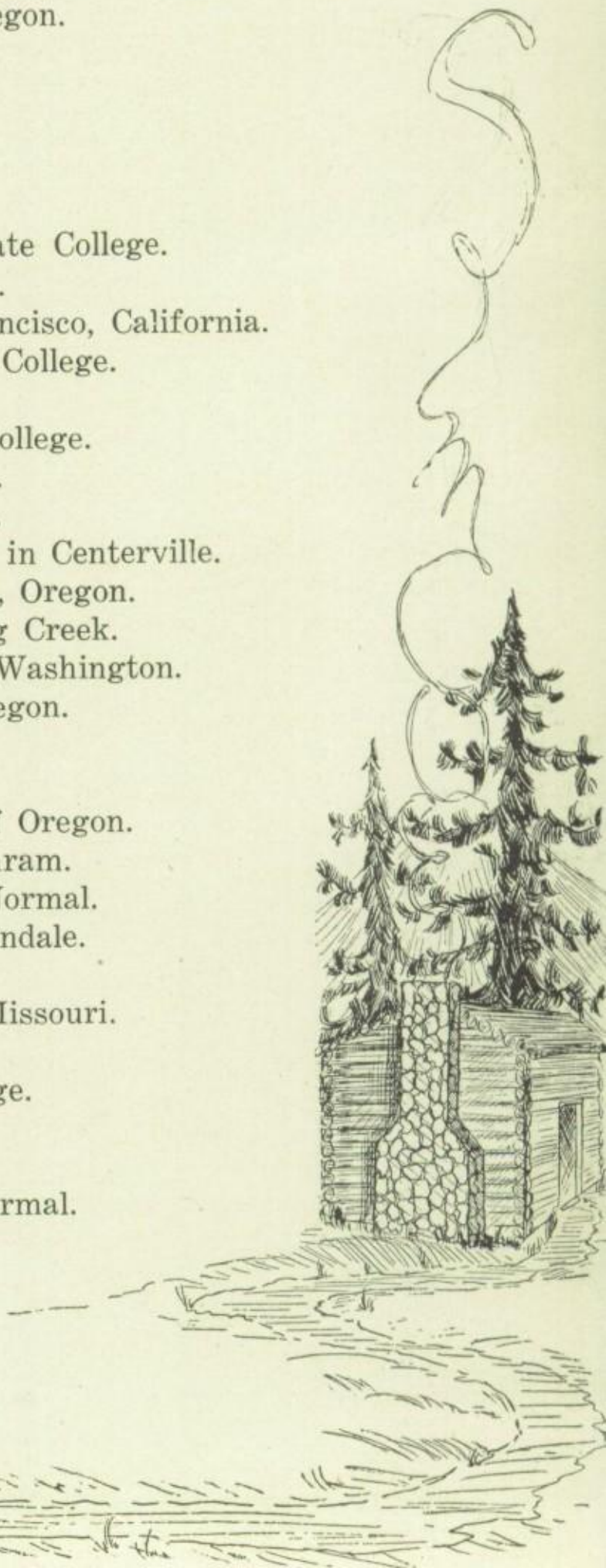
Would you like to know where your old G. H. S. friends are? Of course, we all would. This alumni list always brings to our minds old faces, recalls incidents and happenings of the happiest days of our lives. Some of these friends have left our school and town, perhaps never to return again, yet we will always have pleasant memories of their happy faces on their night of graduation. This was one of the high moments of their lives and yet it made them sad to leave good old Alma Mater.

Class of 1927

BARRETT, LUELLA—Working in Maryhill.
BURGEN, ERMA—Teaching in Goldendale.
CASSELL, SADIE—Mrs. Maurer, living in Goldendale.
CHAPPELL, RONALD—Working in Portland, Oregon.
COLLINS, ALICE—At home in Goldendale.
COFFIELD, RAYMOND—Living in Wishram.
COOPER, MINNIE—Teaching at Firwood.
GUNKEL, EDITH—Working in Portland, Oregon.
HARDIN, RUSSEL—At home in Goldendale.
LAINHART, PORTER—Attending Washington State College.
LEFEVER, THELMA—Living in Portland, Oregon.
McKEE, KEITH—Attending art school in San Francisco, California.
MORGAN, VIVIAN—Attending Washington State College.
POWERS, ARLO—Living in Bickleton.
SANDERS, OREN—Attending Washington State College.
SAXON, WILLIAM—Working in Portland, Oregon.
TROWBRIDGE, ESTHER—At home in Goldendale.
VAN VACTOR, CATHERINE—Mrs. Wilson, living in Centerville.
VINCENT, SYBIL—Married and living in Portland, Oregon.
WALKER, GLADYS—Married and living at Spring Creek.
WILLIS, KATHERINE—Attending University of Washington.
WOODWARD, RUSSEL—Living in La Grande, Oregon.
YOUNGQUIST, DURWARD—Attending Whitman.

Class of 1928

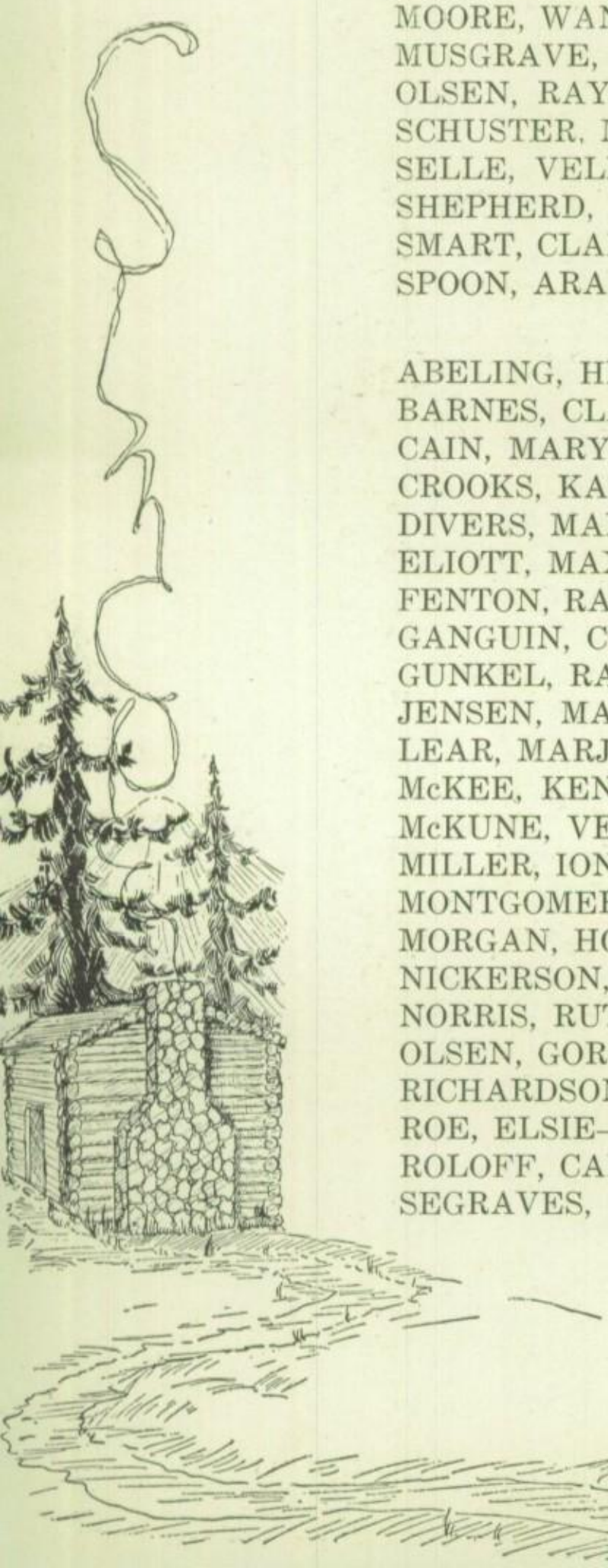
ALLISON, KATHERINE—Attending University of Oregon.
BARNES, MARJORIE—Married and living in Wishram.
BRATTON, ELIZABETH—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
BROOKS, PHYLLIS—Mrs. Mattson, living in Goldendale.
CAHILL, JAMES—Living in Goldendale.
COLLINS, HERBERT—Working in Kansas City, Missouri.
DAVENPORT, LEO—At home near Goldendale.
DAVIS, IRMA—Attending Washington State College.
DAWSON, EREN—Living in The Dalles, Oregon.
DRURY, HESTER—Married and living in Seattle.
ELLIOTT, FLORENCE—Attending Bellingham Normal.



GREEN, MAURENE—Living in Medford, Oregon.
HARDIN, BLOSSOM—Living in Goldendale.
HARLAN, BESSIE—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
HOBBS, ROBERT—Living in Goldendale.
JAEKEL, JOHN—Living in Maryhill.
JACROUX, ALFRED—Living in Goldendale.
JACROUX, JUNIOR—Living in Goldendale.
KELLEHER, JACK—Working in Goldendale.
LOCY, MARJORIE—Living in Goldendale.
LOUGHARY, ARLINE—Attending Oregon State College.
MILLER, CLAUDE—Living in Goldendale.
MONTGOMERY, ZELMA—Living near Goldendale.
MOORE, WANDA—Living in Toledo, Washington.
MUSGRAVE, TED—Albany, Oregon.
OLSEN, RAY—Living in Goldendale.
SCHUSTER, MYRA—Nurse's Training in Portland, Oregon.
SELLE, VELMA—Attending Bellingham Normal.
SHEPHERD, PEARL—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
SMART, CLARA—Living in Vancouver, Washington.
SPOON, ARAH—Living in Goldendale.

Class of 1929

ABELING, HERMAN—Living near Goldendale.
BARNES, CLAUDIA—Living in Bingen.
CAIN, MARY—Attending Whitman College.
CROOKS, KATHRYN—Attending school at Vancouver, Washington.
DIVERS, MARCELLA—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
ELIOTT, MAXINE—Living in Goldendale.
FENTON, RALPH—Living in California.
GANGUIN, CLARA—Attending Success Business College in Seattle.
GUNKEL, RALPH—Attending Washington State College.
JENSEN, MALCOLM—Working in Goldendale.
LEAR, MARJORIE—Living in Goldendale.
McKEE, KENNETH—Attending Washington State College.
McKUNE, VELORA—Living in Goldendale.
MILLER, IONA—Living in Goldendale.
MONTGOMERY, MARCELLE—Attending Washington State College.
MORGAN, HOWARD—Living near Goldendale.
NICKERSON, RALPH—Attending Washington State College.
NORRIS, RUTH—Attending Washington State College.
OLSEN, GORDON—Working in Goldendale.
RICHARDSON, ORVILLE—Living in Goldendale.
ROE, ELSIE—Attending Ellensburg Normal.
ROLOFF, CARMEN—Attending Success Business College in Seattle.
SEGRAVES, RUTH—Living in Goodnoe Hills.



Busy Moments
"Fanny"
"Winners"
"One Alone"
Holeproof ?
Sweet Dreams
Tow and Henry
Pat and Mike
On the Rocks
?
First Down

3 (S) MILES HIGH
The Cooking Class
"Wardy"
DRAMATICS
SOAP
PET AND MIKE
3 of a kind
GOLD "G"s
"FLORENCE"
"Velmer"
Just Posing
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Organizations

TORCH HONOR SOCIETY

Since its organization two years ago the Torch Honor Society of G. H. S. has greatly increased its list of members. Each succeeding year enrolls new members, who have earned during their first year of scholastic effort their right to the one bar pin which signifies their first milestone toward attainment of the final torch emblem.

Two of our members of last year, Lucille Ralston and Arthur Forcier, were lost to us because of their change of residence.

The Torch Honor Society has not yet undertaken any activities for this year though it contemplates, at the end of the year, a banquet for its members and those of this year's graduating class.

Such a banquet was given last year only to members of the Torch Society and the faculty. The incoming members were initiated, the ceremonies being quite impressive and enacted for the purpose of preparing them for their responsibilities in the organization.

Definite organization of the society was not undertaken until the second semester of school, so it was deemed unnecessary to edit the "Gold Light," a monthly publication that was put out last year.

The officers elected for this year were: Harriett Spalding, president; Margaret Plett, vice-president; Norma Spoon, secretary-treasurer.

The alumni members are Kathryn Allison, Arline Loughary, Wanda Moore, Arah Spoon, Marjorie Locy, Elizabeth Bratton, Ruth Norris, Carmen Roloff, Herman Abeling, Marcella Divers and Ralph Gunkel.

L. J. D.'31.

PURPLE "G" CLUB

Fred Lear	President
Junior Allison	Treasurer
Lester Winter	Secretary

Active Members

Reo Young, Chester Dugger, Bill Locy, Frank Lainhart, Henry Davenport, Mike Hensley, James Willis, Warren Watson, Charles McEwen, Frederick Anderson, Robert Jacroux, Raymond Ferguson, August Miller, Leo Jackson.

PURPLE "G" CLUB

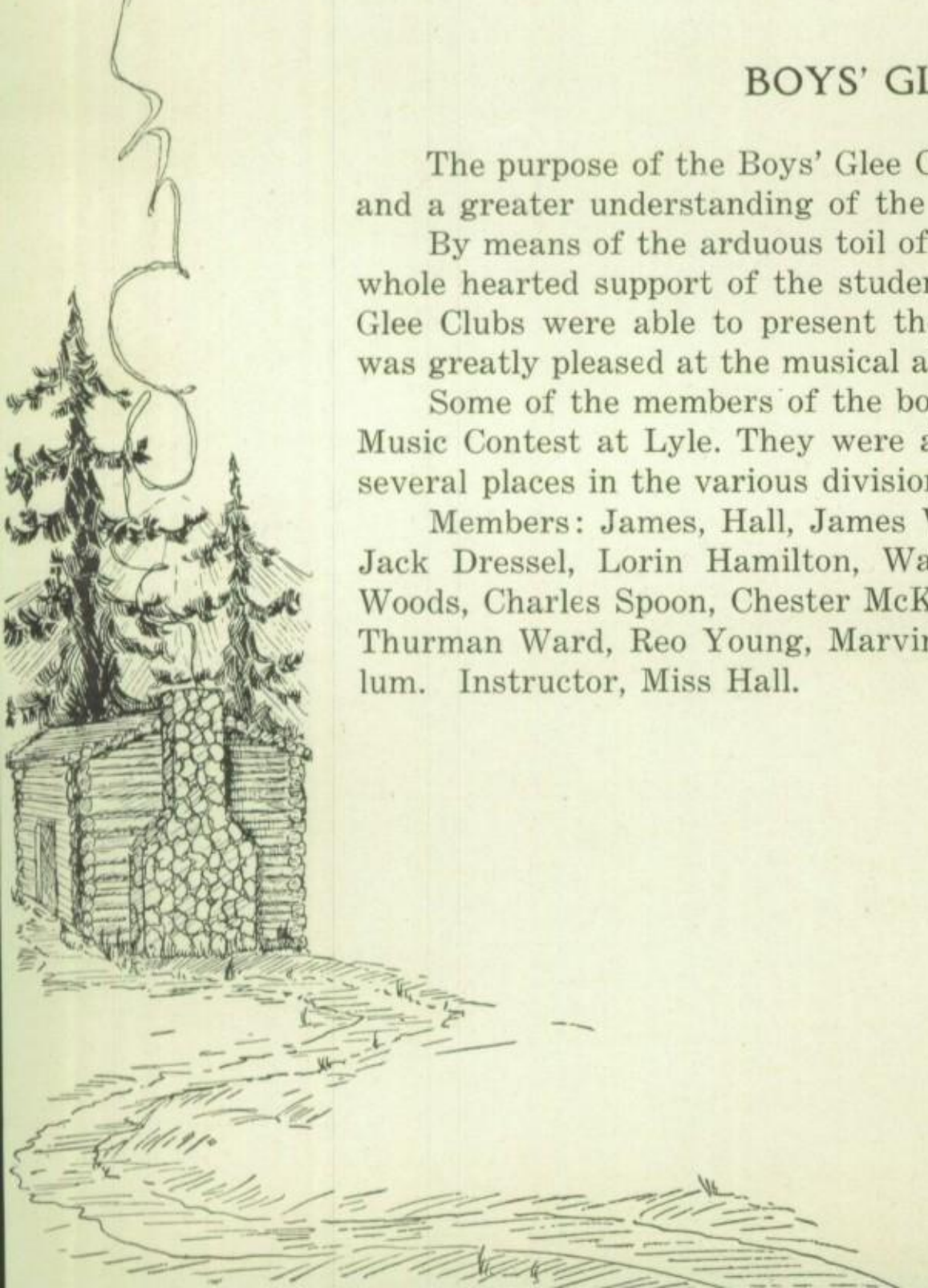
The high school lettermen met the first of the term and elected their officers as well as adopted the schedule for the ensuing year. The addition of eight new members to the club enabled it to act with greater efficiency than in the past. Ten of the present members will graduate this year, three of whom will receive the honor "G," having won the required number of letters during their high school participations.

The Purple "G" banquet and dance were held during the Christmas holidays. The banquet proved to be a delightful success. A definite program was followed during the banquet which included talks by several college students, and the President's welcoming address to the new members. Mr. Zolo Brooks, an old Purple "G" member, acted as toastmaster.

The dance was held the same evening after the banquet. Other people than members were allowed at this affair; consequently a larger crowd was present this year than at the last year's dance.

ThePurple "G" Club feels that this year has been the most successful year it has ever realized. The triumph of the Purple and Gold athletic teams over some of their ancient rivals, as well as the increasing interest shown by the Goldendale people in the construction of the new football field, shows that the aim and ideals of the Club are being attained.

L. W. '30.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The purpose of the Boys' Glee Club is to create a greater appreciation and a greater understanding of the fundamentals of music.

By means of the arduous toil of the music director, Miss Hall, and the whole hearted support of the student body, the combined boys' and girls' Glee Clubs were able to present the operetta, "Pickles." The community was greatly pleased at the musical ability displayed by the participants.

Some of the members of the boys' Glee Club were sent to the County Music Contest at Lyle. They were all rewarded for their efforts and won several places in the various divisions.

Members: James, Hall, James Willis, Fred Lear, Raymond Ferguson, Jack Dressel, Lorin Hamilton, Warren Watson, Lester Winter, Claude Woods, Charles Spoon, Chester McKune, Martin Cahill, William Chapman, Thurman Ward, Reo Young, Marvin Kamholtz, Tom Wilson, Robert Ludlum. Instructor, Miss Hall.

L. W. '30

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Girls' Glee Club was organized the first of the year, with a membership of twenty-one.

Officers elected were as follows: Norma Spoon, president; Jean Coffield, vice-president; and Margaret McEwen, secretary-treasurer.

We started working immediately on some simple songs, and soon were able to respond to invitations to sing on a number of occasions.

Try-outs for the operetta "Pickles" were held before Christmas, and parts were assigned after vacation, when we began to work in earnest. It was successfully presented on February seventh, and was gratifying from both financial and artistic standpoints. The Boys' Glee Club also participated in this production. Those taking the principal parts were Laura Coley, Natalie Lawler, Mary McEwen, Maravene Crooks, Reo Young, Lester Winter, James Willis, James Hall, Chester McKune, Martin Cahill and Fred Lear.

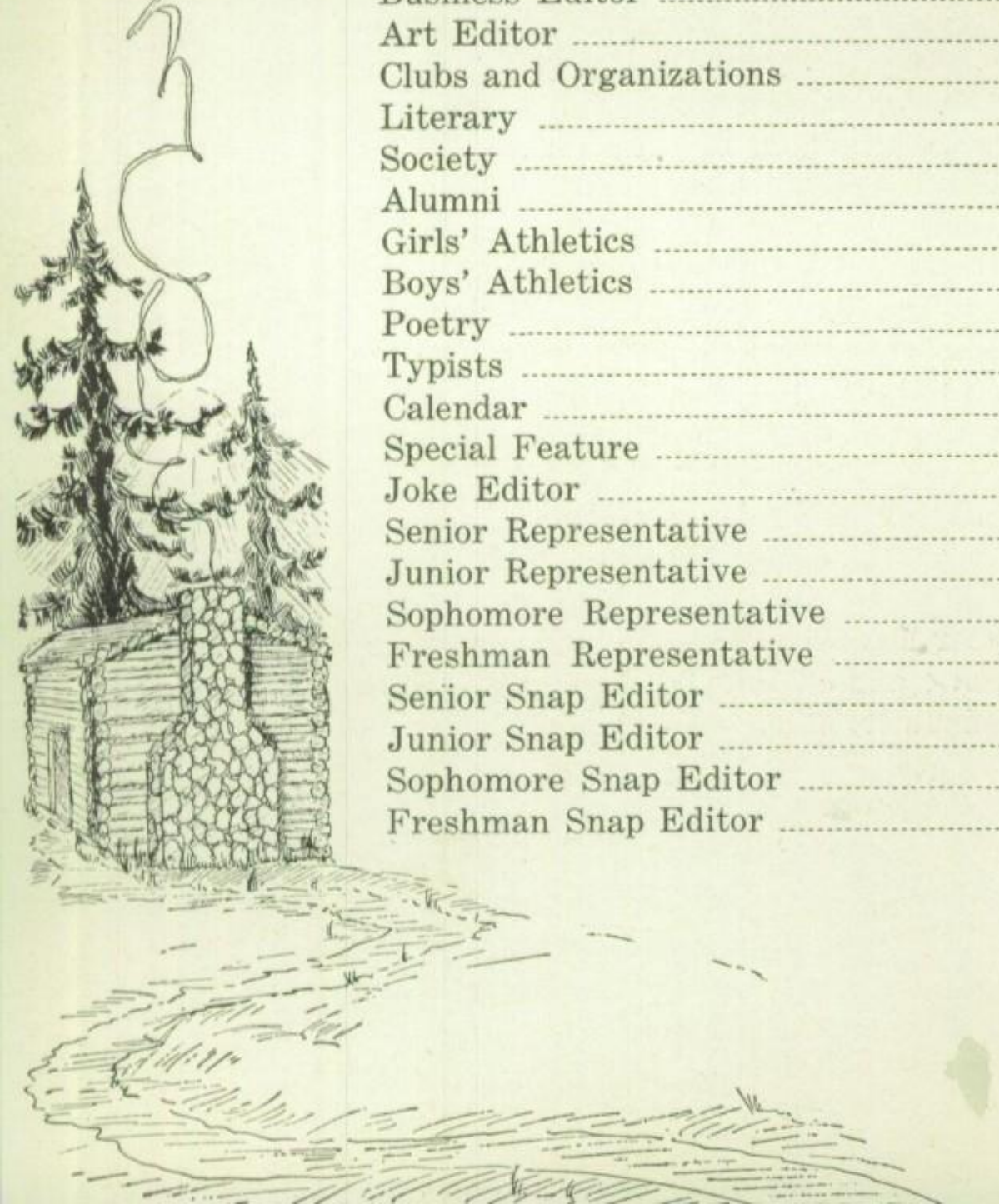
Eighteen girls have been chosen to sing in the County Music Contest. Our selection is Paderewiski's Minuet, and we hope that our school will be able to feel proud of us.

Our work in the Glee Club this year has been profitable and pleasant, and its success is due to the enthusiastic and efficient leadership of Miss Hall and the cooperation of our accompanist, Maxine McAllister.

M. V. Mc. '31.

SIMCOE STAFF

Editor ..... Norma Spoon
Assistant Editor ..... Margaret Plett
Business Editor ..... Charles McEwen
Art Editor ..... Charles Spoon
Clubs and Organizations ..... Lester Winter
Literary ..... Louise Dressel
Society ..... Harriett Spalding
Alumni ..... Margaret McEwen
Girls' Athletics ..... Lois Spalding
Boys' Athletics ..... Edward Allison
Poetry ..... Erma Plett
Typists ..... Myriam Eddie and Vera Watson
Calendar ..... Jean Coffield
Special Feature ..... Reo Young and James Hall
Joke Editor ..... Margaret Moore
Senior Representative ..... Charles McEwen
Junior Representative ..... Laura Coley
Sophomore Representative ..... Paul McEwen
Freshman Representative ..... Freda Watson
Senior Snap Editor ..... James Willis
Junior Snap Editor ..... Elizabeth Kayser
Sophomore Snap Editor ..... Mary McEwen
Freshman Snap Editor ..... Della Norris



Activities

SOCIETY

MIXERS

The Freshmen were soon made to realize the responsibility of high school life by the activities at the mixer. The first part of the evening was spent in the usual kind of initiation. A court was held where all vagrants were made accountable for past sins and made to atone for them. They learned, above all, the gentle art of bowing to His Honor, the Judge. The latter part of the program was of a more serious nature. A ritual form of initiation was presented, which had as its purpose the impressing of the great duties and high ideals of higher education. This initiation will be a part of all future Frosh Mixers. Refreshments of cider and doughnuts were served in the basement. The Freshmen gave their return mixer near Hallowe'en. A program and all sorts of games comprised the main part of the entertainment. A gruesome story told by Miss Bleakney brought chills to everyone's spine and furnished plenty of Hallowe'en atmosphere. Eats were served in the basement and enjoyed by all.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

On New Year Night the Juniors entertained the Seniors with a party. The whole evening was in the form of a contest between the two classes. The first event was a competition for the most original title to be formed from alphabetical spaghetti. Another contest was to carry a panful of water from one end of the auditorium to the other by teaspoonsful. Some of the folks mistook their hands, and even their handkerchiefs, for teaspoons in the excitement. Refreshments were served, after which the personification of the old year was burned at a bonfire.

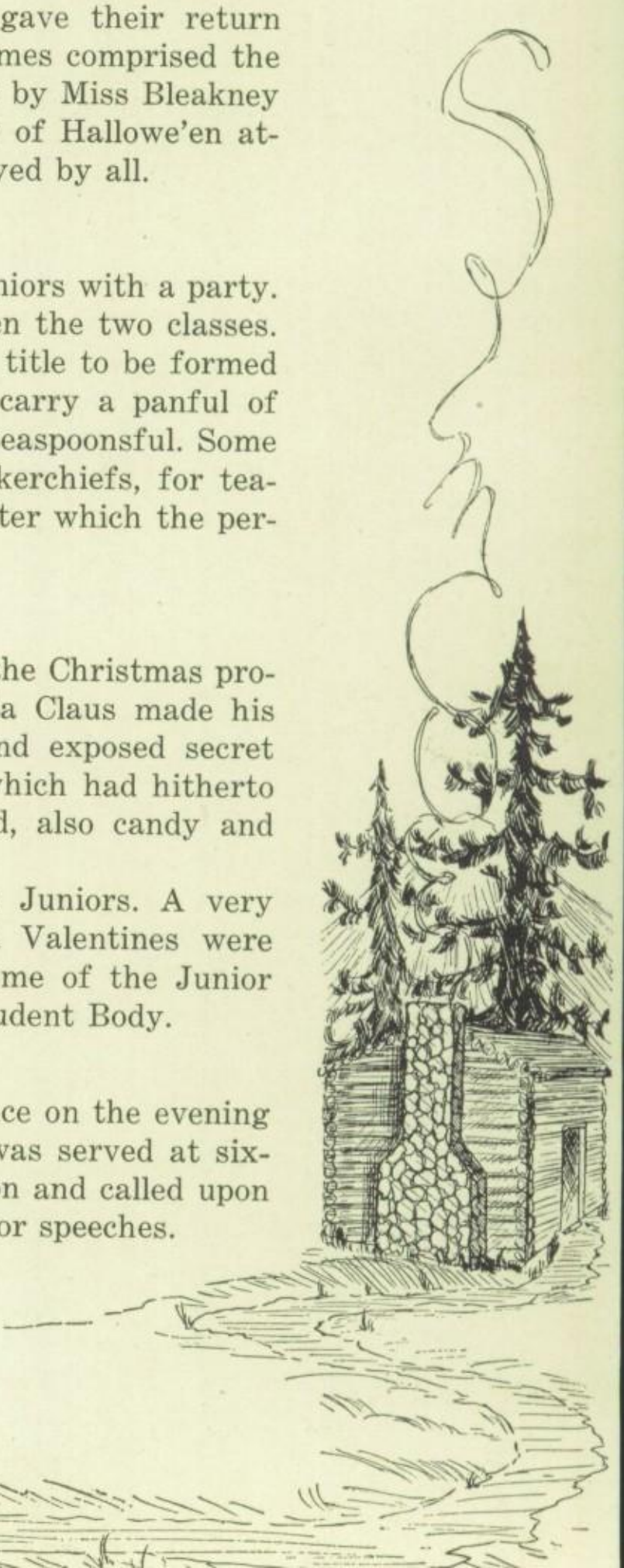
PROGRAMS

As is the usual custom, the Seniors took charge of the Christmas program. A short program was offered, after which Santa Claus made his appearance. He read some letters he had received and exposed secret longings in the hearts of our classmates and teachers which had hitherto been unsuspected. The presents were then distributed, also candy and fruit, and the party broke up.

The Valentine Day program was handled by the Juniors. A very good program was presented, and then some personal Valentines were read. While the Valentines were being passed out, some of the Junior girls distributed candy hearts to the members of the Student Body.

PURPLE G BANQUET

The Purple G Club gave its annual banquet and dance on the evening of December 27, at the High School. A lovely dinner was served at six-thirty. Mr. Z. O. Brooks was toastmaster of the occasion and called upon officers of the Student Body, as well as past graduates, for speeches.



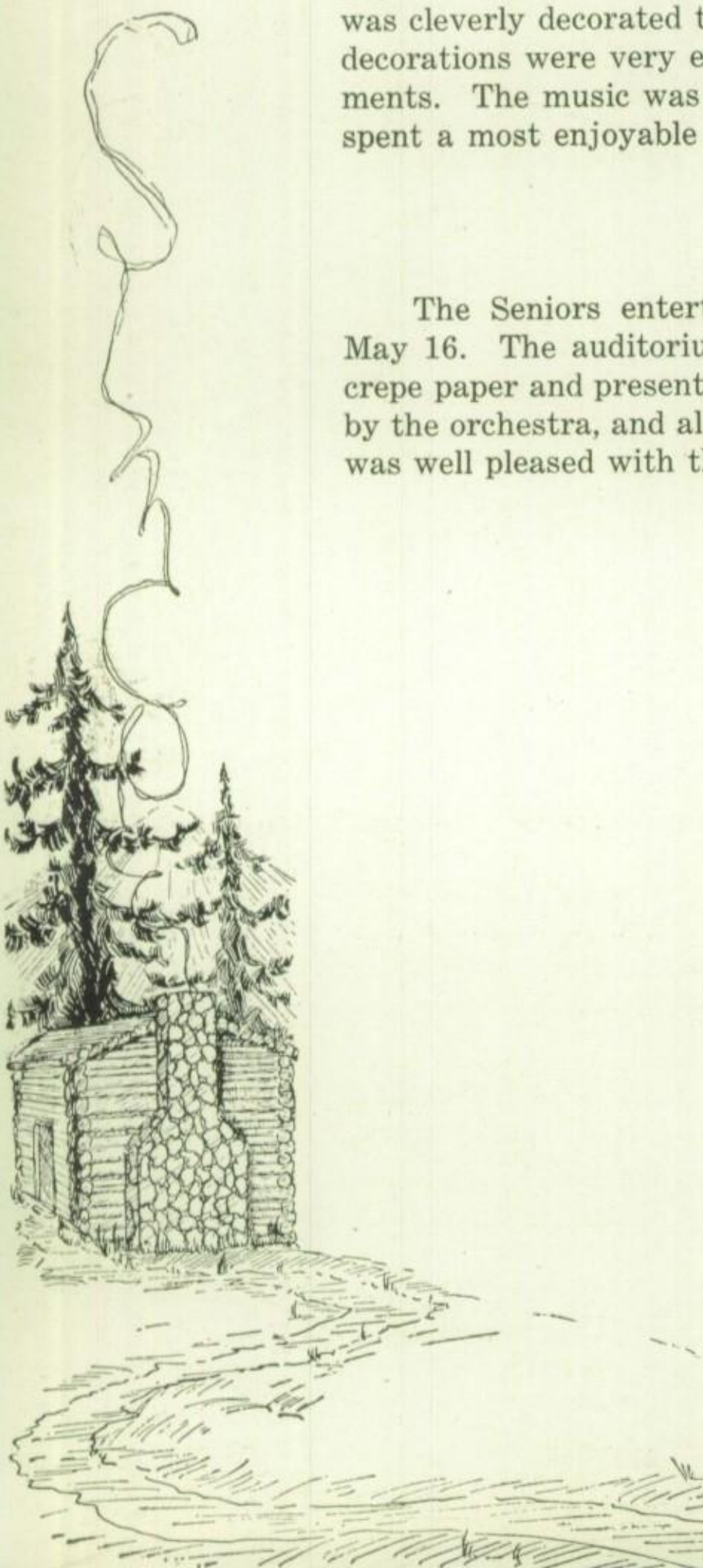
After dinner the guests retired to the auditorium to dance. This dance was conducted on a somewhat different plan than ordinarily. Formerly only Purple G members were invited, but at this time, many other people of the community were invited to dance, although only members of the club were invited to the banquet. The hall was tastefully decorated with fir boughs and the school colors. A very pleasant evening was afforded to everyone.

JUNIOR PROM

On the evening of March 21, the Juniors entertained the dancing populace of the community with their annual prom. The auditorium was cleverly decorated to represent a scene in Holland in tulip time. These decorations were very effective and were the inspiration for many compliments. The music was furnished by the Dominoes, and everyone present spent a most enjoyable evening.

SENIOR BALL

The Seniors entertained the community with their annual ball on May 16. The auditorium was originally decorated with an abundance of crepe paper and presented a gorgeous spectacle. Good music was produced by the orchestra, and all present danced to their hearts content. Everyone was well pleased with the last social affair of the Class of 1930.



G. H. S. CALENDAR FOR 1929-1930

SEPTEMBER

9—School opens, new teachers, new students and freshmen.
12—Class meetings and election of officers.
24—Student Body drive. Seniors win as usual. Lecture on "fishes" given; very appropriate. The Freshman Mixer! ! ! Freshmen are real G. H. S. students now.
27—Football game at Prosser. Score nothing to nothing.

OCTOBER

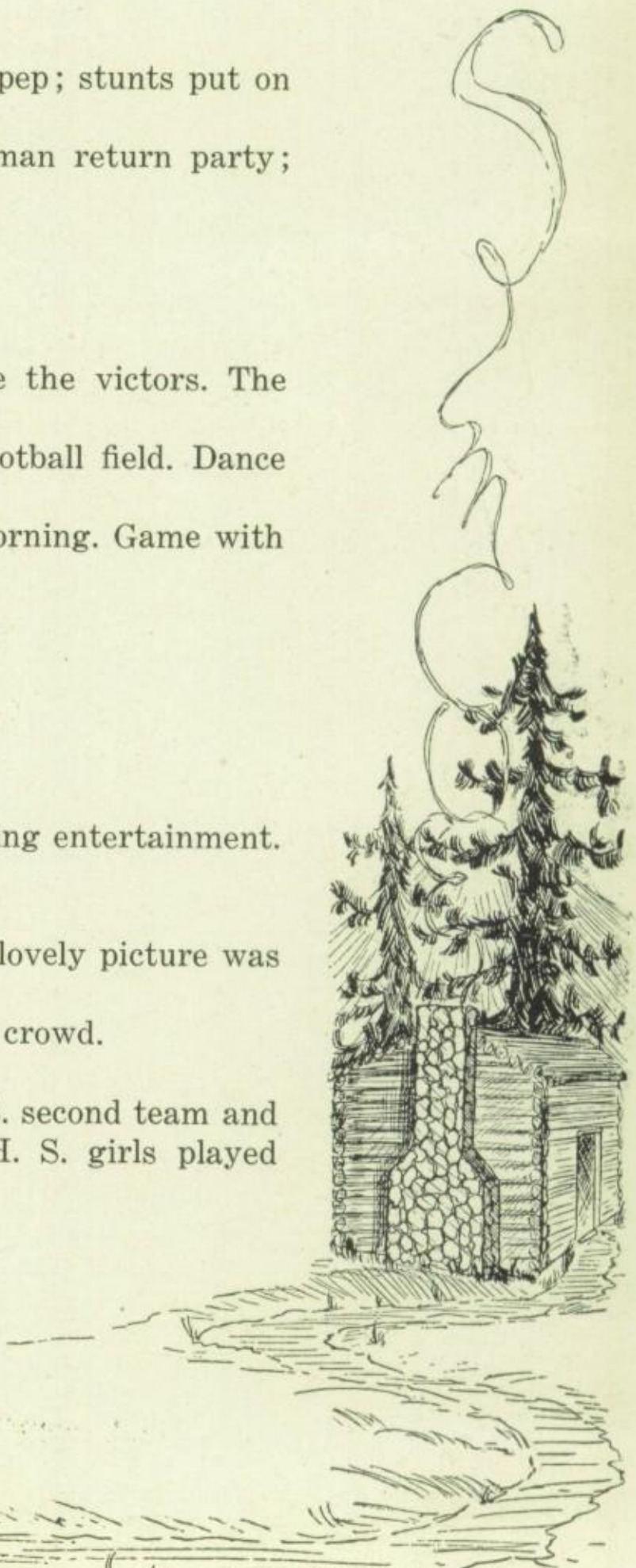
3—Big pep rally held! Whoopee time!
4—Football game with Wasco. We lost.
12—Football game with Moro. Again we lost.
17—Another pep rally; everyone was out with lots of pep; stunts put on by different classes.
18—Big game with The Dalles. We won 6-0! ! Freshman return party; everyone had a good time.
25—Football boys went to Camas. We won again.
31—Big pep rally and bonfire.

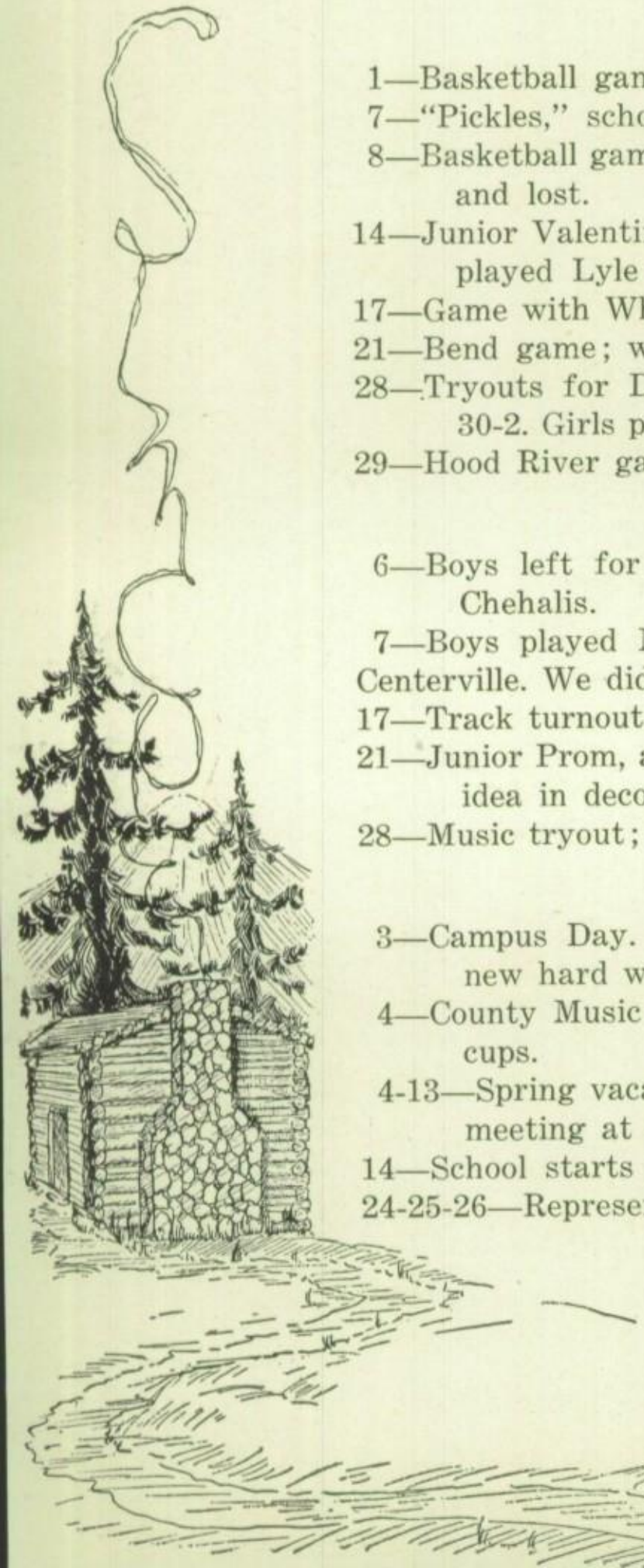
NOVEMBER

1—Game with Hood River and again our boys were the victors. The score was 13-6.
8—Basket Social, needed money thus obtained for football field. Dance after the social.
11—Sophomores give Armistice Day program in the morning. Game with White Salmon in afternoon.
15—Football game at Wasco. We lost 12-13.
28—Football game with Alumni. We won of course.
28-29—Thanksgiving Vacation!

DECEMBER

2—Basketball season started; good turnouts.
13—Senior Class play "Oh Kay," a successful and amusing entertainment.
14—Basketball game with Grass Valley. We won 31-8.
17—Drew names for Christmas.
20—Christmas day program by Seniors. Lots of fun. A lovely picture was presented to the Student Body by the faculty.
27—Purple "G" banquet and ball. A lovely affair. Big crowd.
21-29—Christmas vacation.
28—Basketball game with Camas. We won 22-15. G. H. S. second team and Camas second team played. We lost 10-11. G. H. S. girls played alumnae girls and lost.
31—Back to school again.





JANUARY 1930! !

1—Happy New Year! No school.
2—Wasco played here, boys and girls; we lost.
10—Basketball games with Centerville, first and second teams. We won both. Girls played Lyle and also won.
15-16-17—Semester Exams.
20—No school; too cold.
21—Came back to school and got our cards. School dismissed for rest of week.
27—School again; starting of new semester.
31—Basketball game with Centerville. We won 24-20. Second team won 18-16.

FEBRUARY

1—Basketball game at Hood River. We won 32-23.
7—"Pickles," school operetta; a very fascinating entertainment.
8—Basketball game; boys played The Dalles and lost; girls played Mosier and lost.
14—Junior Valentine Program. Boys played White Salmon and lost. Girls played Lyle and won 21-11.
17—Game with White Salmon. We won 16-13! ! !
21—Bend game; we won 24-17.
28—Tryouts for Declamatory contest. Cathlamet B. B. game. We won 30-2. Girls played Moro and won.
29—Hood River game; again we won, this time 34-16.

MARCH

6—Boys left for Southwestern Washington basketball tournament at Chehalis.
7—Boys played Morton at Chehalis and lost. Declamatory contest at Centerville. We didn't win.
17—Track turnout.
21—Junior Prom, a beautiful dance carrying out the Holland tulip garden idea in decorations.
28—Music tryout; a good representation will be sent from our schools.

APRIL

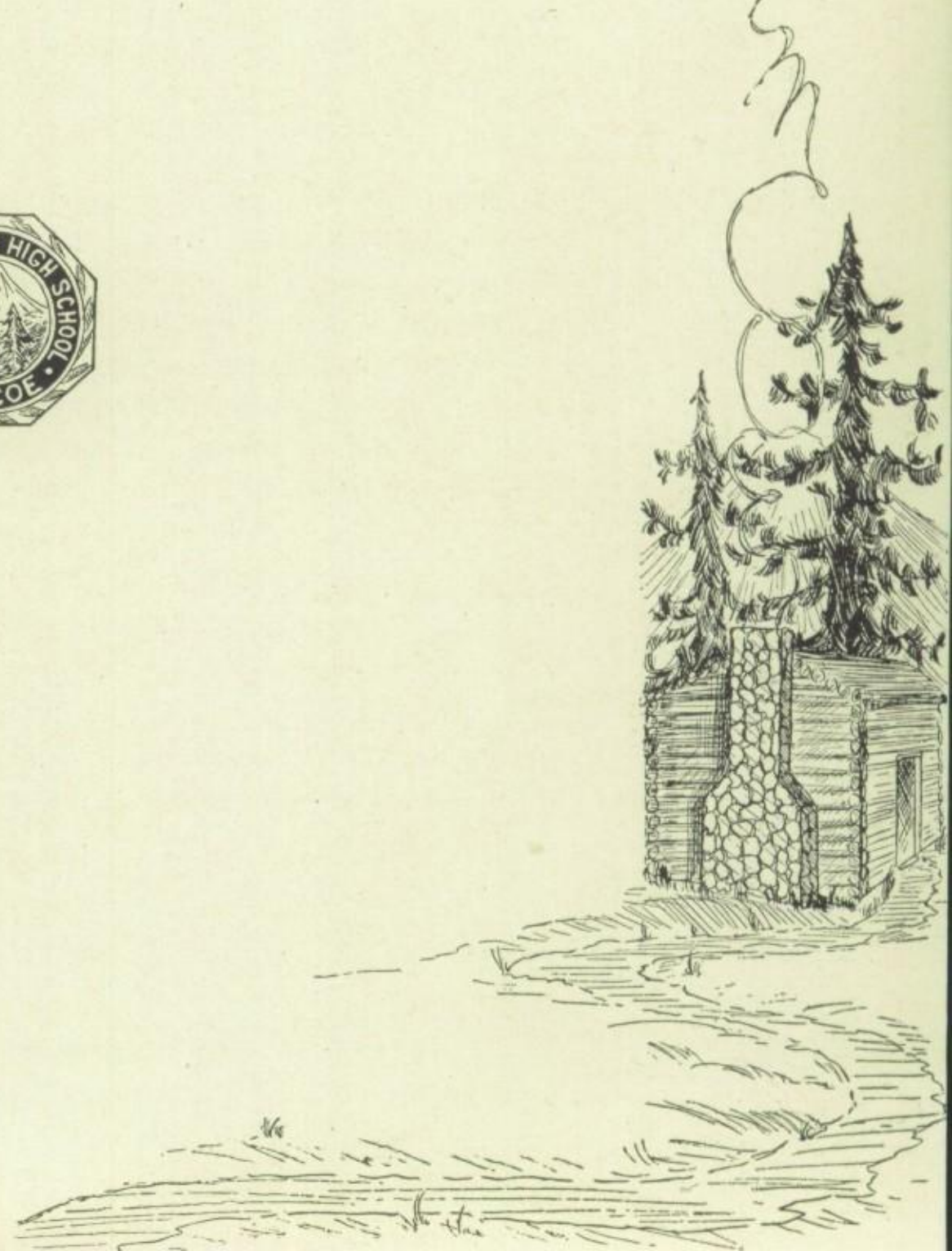
3—Campus Day. The auditorium floor torn up in preparation for the new hard wood floor to be put down during spring vacation.
4—County Music Contest at Lyle. Goldendale got "B" and "C" division cups.
4-13—Spring vacation. Some of the teachers went to the Inland Empire meeting at Spokane.
14—School starts again; also six weeks exams.
24-25-26—Representatives went to Pullman to high school convention.

25—Junior Class Play, "Fifty-Fifty." A very clever play.
26—Klickitat and Wasco county track meet.

MAY

1—Freshman class May day program.
2—County Track Meet.
6—Mothers Day Tea.
16—Senior Ball, a lovely affair, the decorations representing Japanese blossom time. Very successful.
22-23—Senior Class Examinations.
23—Community Day. Senior Class night program and dedication of new floor.
25—Baccalaureate.
27-28—Semester Exams. It won't be long now!
28—Commencement. The Seniors' last fling. Goodbye G. H. S.
29—Final reports and school closes. Almost everybody happy. Torch Honor Society Banquet.

M. J. C. '30



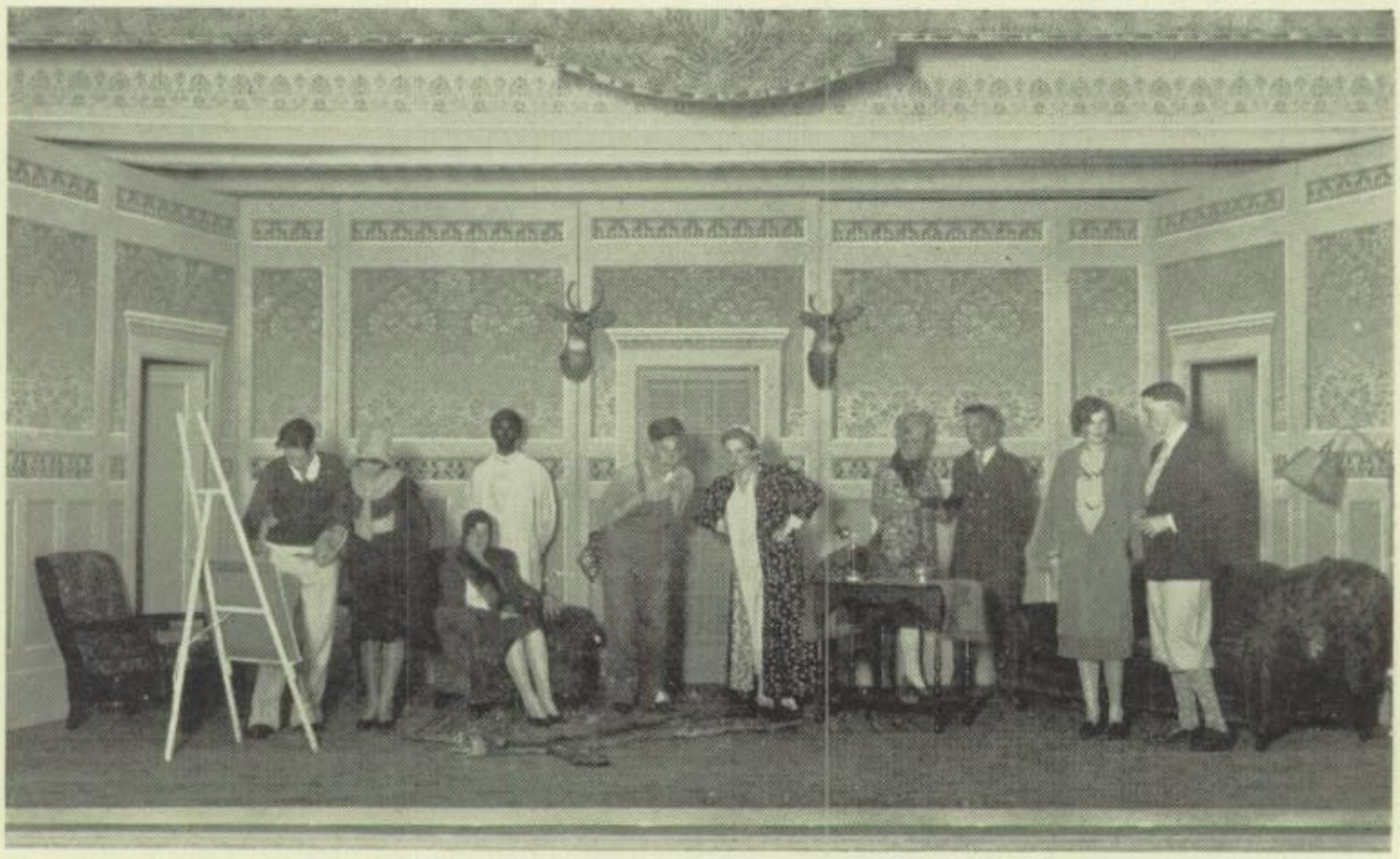
SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Oh, Kay," a three-act comedy presented by the Senior Class, December 13, proved to be a great success and drew a large crowd. The cast worked very hard in the few weeks given them for practice and showed themselves to be well chosen characters.

The general theme of the play was the mysterious happenings around the Whitman home. Gramp with his flivver and Gram with her patent medicine were the comedy roles of the play. Kay Millis, the girl detective, was a good part and required good acting, while Art and Edith were juvenile parts of great appeal. Then there were other good parts which were introduced as the plot unraveled its "tangled threads of mystery."

Those taking part were: Harriett Spalding, Lester Winter, James Willis, Jean Coffield, Oleta Silver, Clara Wilkins, Norma Spoon, Fred Lear, Howard Bratton, Edward Allison, and Richard Pridham.

C. R. W. '30.



JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

"Fifty-Fifty," a lively three act comedy of love, luck, and laughter was presented by the Juniors on April 25 under the direction of Miss Bleakney.

The plot of the play centers around the troubles and trumphs of two young men, one Henry Brown, an artist, the other Paul Green, an author. The "pals" are subjected to many trying experiences before they succeed in mounting the ladder of public recognition. Poor Henry is in the throes of a budding romance with Sophie Bland, a dancer, who insists on a "career." And even Paul, self-asserted woman-hater falls victim of May Dexter's wiles. Mrs. Podge and O'Malley share their troubles at the boarding-house while Smudge, Cap', and Josephine also enter into the scene. Mrs. Hawley, an art collector, starts the boys on the road to financial success by buying one of Henry's paintings "Upside-down," and from then on business is great.

Those taking part in the play were: Charles Spoon, Reo Young, Natalie Lawler, Lois Spalding, Elizabeth Kayser, Marvin Kamholz, Paul Sanstrum, Tom Wilson, Margaret Moore, and Margaret McEwen.

OPERETTA

"Pickles," the musical and dramatic success of the 1930 season, was presented on February 7, 1930. The characters displayed remarkable ability and talent under the able direction of Miss Hall.

The scene of the three-act musical comedy centered around Vienna and the neighboring gypsy camps. The stage setting and costuming was really remarkable.

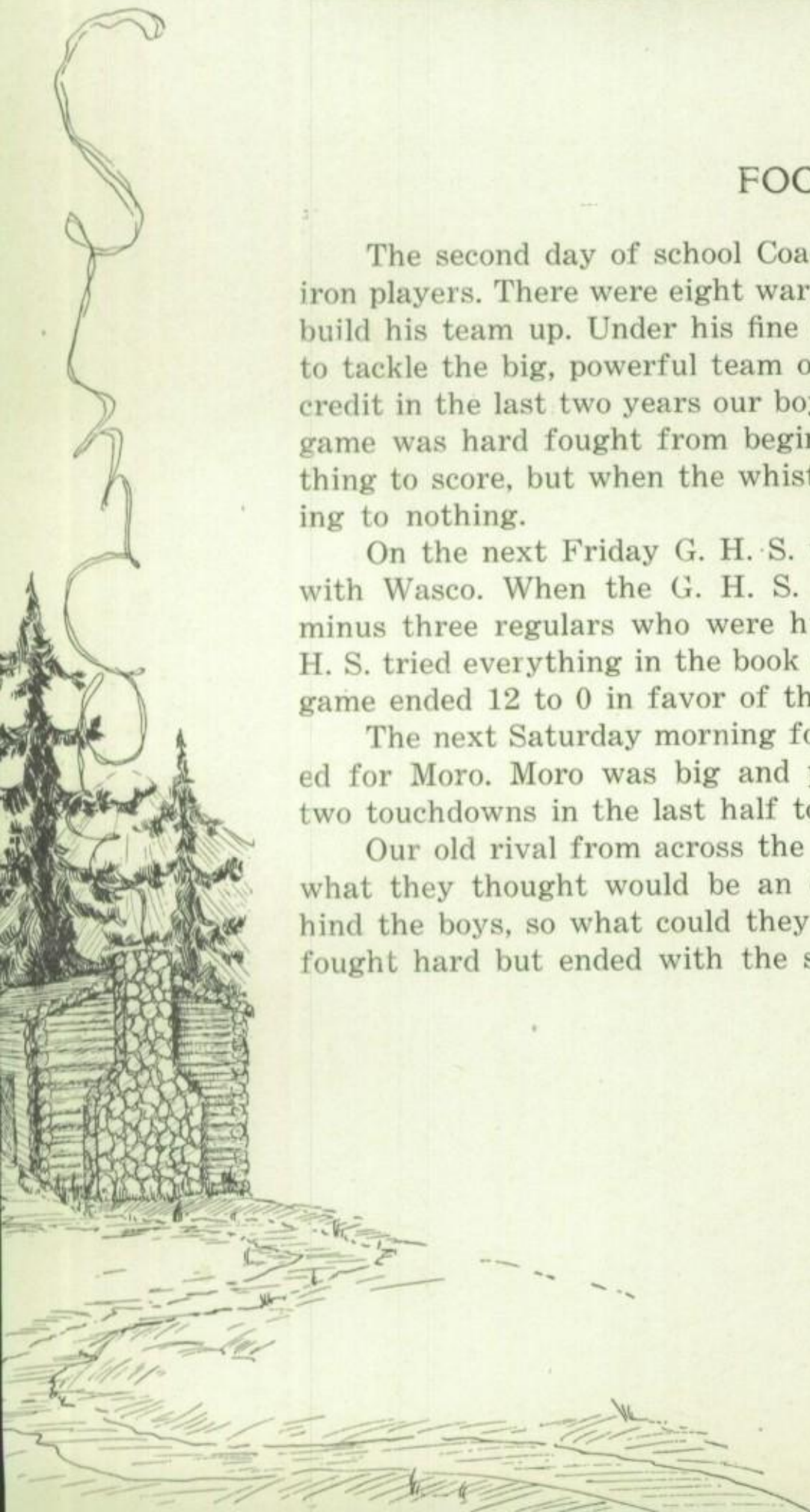
The principals in "Pickles" were: James Willis, Natalie Lawler, Reo Young, James Hall, Lester Winter, Laura Coley, Mary McEwen, Jack Dressel, Martin Cahill, Fred Lear, Chester McKune, and Maravene Crooks, who were assisted by choruses made up of members of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs.

This was the first operetta presented by G. H. S. for a number of years and proved such a delightful success that Miss Hall is already making plans for a treat for next year.

To MR. CARL LAUDENBACH, the coach of all boys' athletics in Goldendale High School, goes a great deal of the credit for the successful athletic year just completed. We have enjoyed a good share of victories since Mr. Laudenbach has been coaching here, and it gives us pleasure to hereby publicly acknowledge his splendid work and school spirit. Unfortunately, Mr. Laudenbach will not be with us next year.

MISS CLEO SHELTON has coached girls' basketball for the last four years, and becomes more valuable each year. She is greatly responsible for the victories our girls have won and for their fine spirit. Miss Shelton's middle name is Pep. We are all happy to hear that she is coming back next year.

JACK DRESSEL has been our yell leader for the past two years, and he, along with his able assistant, Maxine McAllister, has shown us what real school spirit is. You know a yell leader like Jack is to a student body exactly what a coach is to a team.



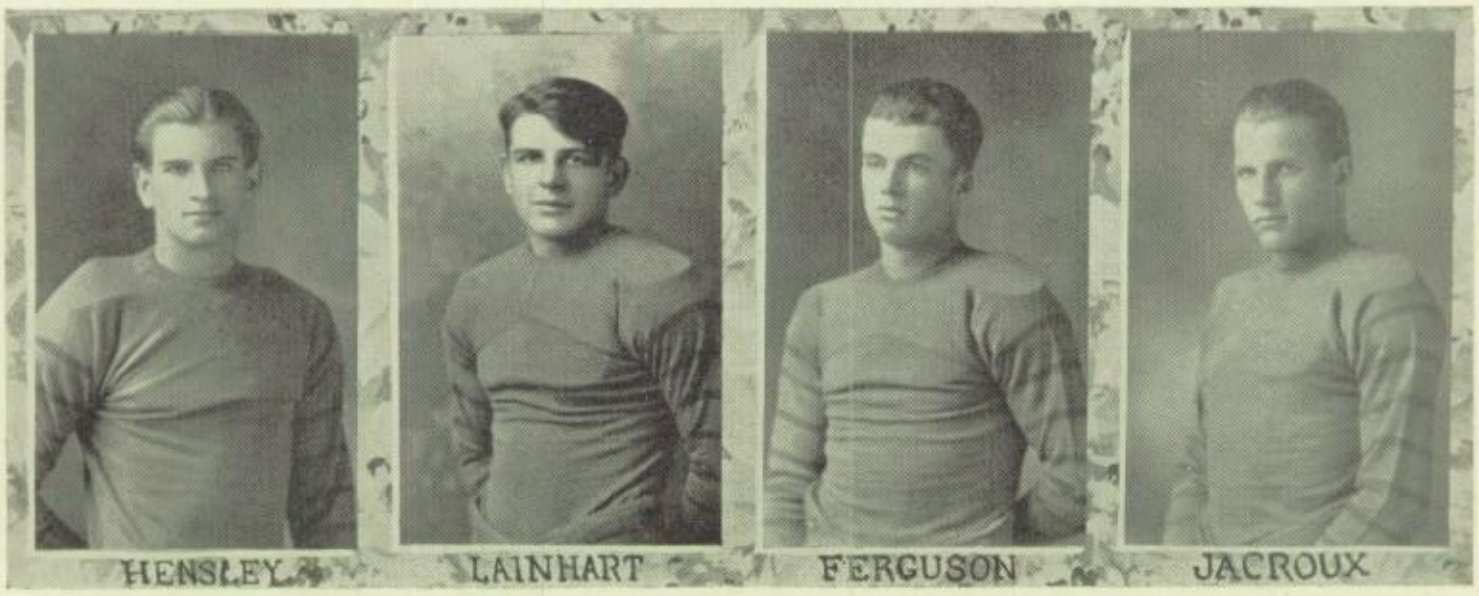
FOOTBALL

The second day of school Coach Laudenbach issued his call for gridiron players. There were eight warriors left from the previous year to help build his team up. Under his fine coaching the G. H. S. squad was ready to tackle the big, powerful team of Prosser. With two bad defeats to our credit in the last two years our boys went on the field to get revenge. The game was hard fought from beginning to end, both teams trying everything to score, but when the whistle ended the battle the score was nothing to nothing.

On the next Friday G. H. S. was ready to play her first home game with Wasco. When the G. H. S. warriors went on the field they were minus three regulars who were hurt in the previous game. Although G. H. S. tried everything in the book of football, they could not score and the game ended 12 to 0 in favor of the boys from across the river.

The next Saturday morning found the crippled G. H. S. fighters headed for Moro. Moro was big and played good football and finally scored two touchdowns in the last half to win 12 to 0.

Our old rival from across the river, The Dalles, motored over to take what they thought would be an easy game. The crowd was always behind the boys, so what could they do but win? The first half both teams fought hard but ended with the score of 0 to 0. In the second half The

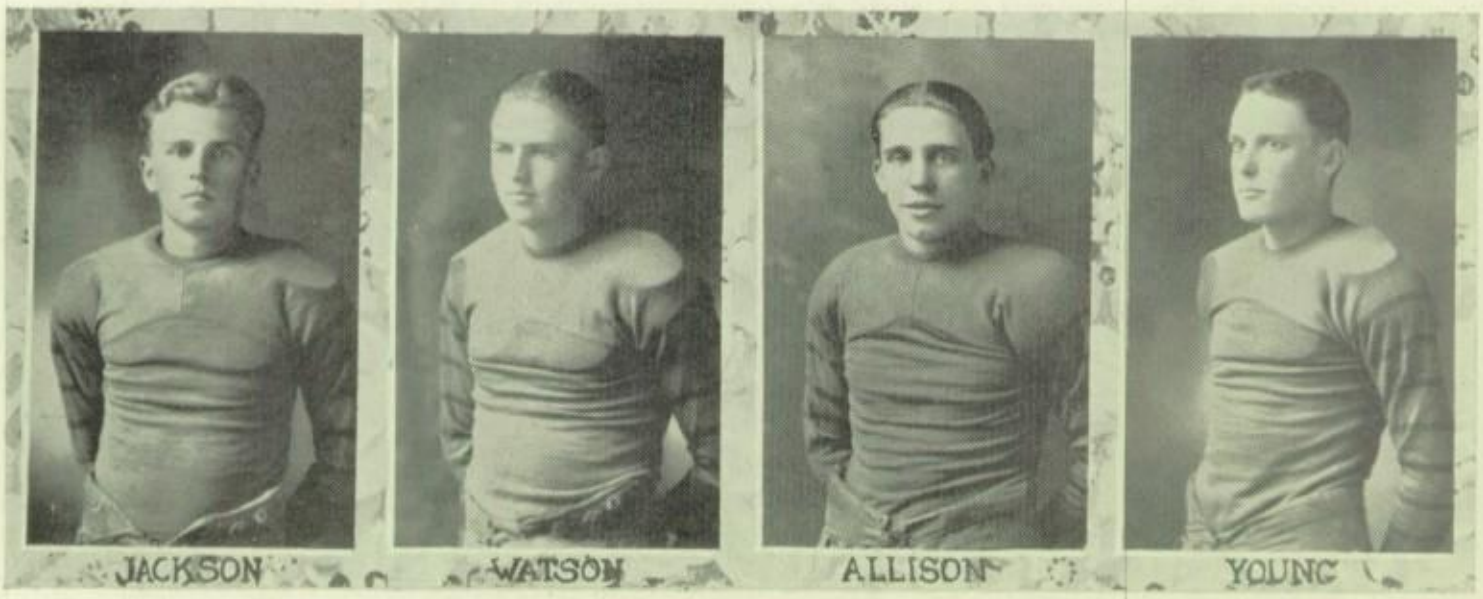


Dalles came out determined to win and started a drive for our goal. We held four downs and then punted. On the second play a pass was tried by the visitors but was intercepted and netted us a grand touchdown. The rest of the half the ball seasawed up and down the field, but the score ended with The Dalles 0 and G. H. S. 6.

With this grand victory tucked under our belt we headed for Camas. On a lucky break in the first half we scored a touchdown. The half ended with no other score and we were leading 6 to 0. In the third quarter Camas's powerful off tackle drive netted them yardage. This same drive started again, and a touchdown was made which made the score 6 to 6, but as luck would have it they kicked goal, and the score was 7 to 6 in favor of Camas. With a spirited rally we carried the ball to the thirty yard line and then shot a pass over the goal line with a half minute to go to win 13 to 7.

The following Friday found us ready to meet the Apple Knockers from Hood River. The game was close and hard fought, but it ended right for us with a score of 13 to 6.

On Armistice day White Salmon came up 100% to take home the bacon. The contest started with a rush from the visitors that netted them nothing. The ball was in mid field most of the time in the first half The second half found White Salmon backed up to her goal practically all

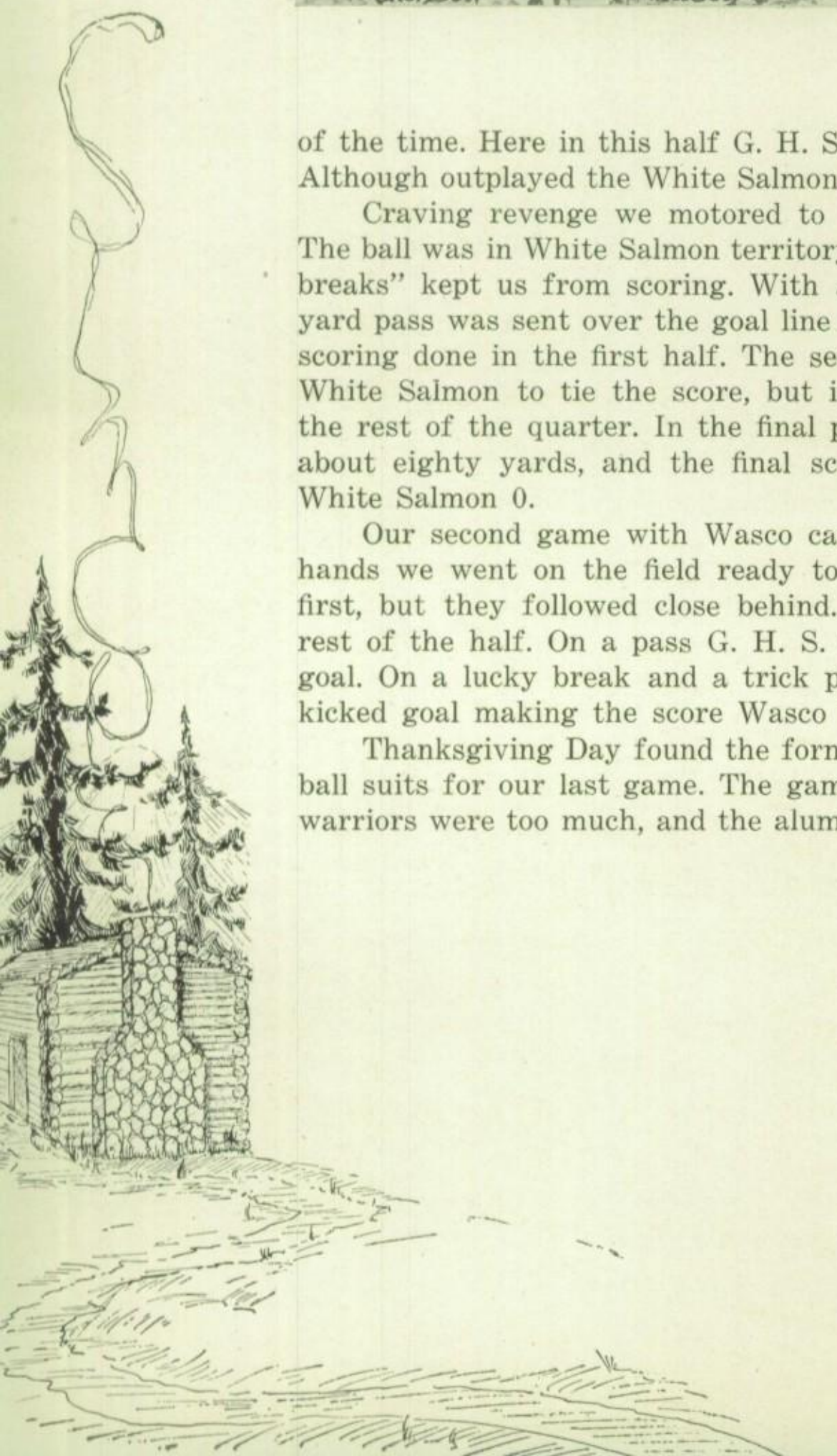


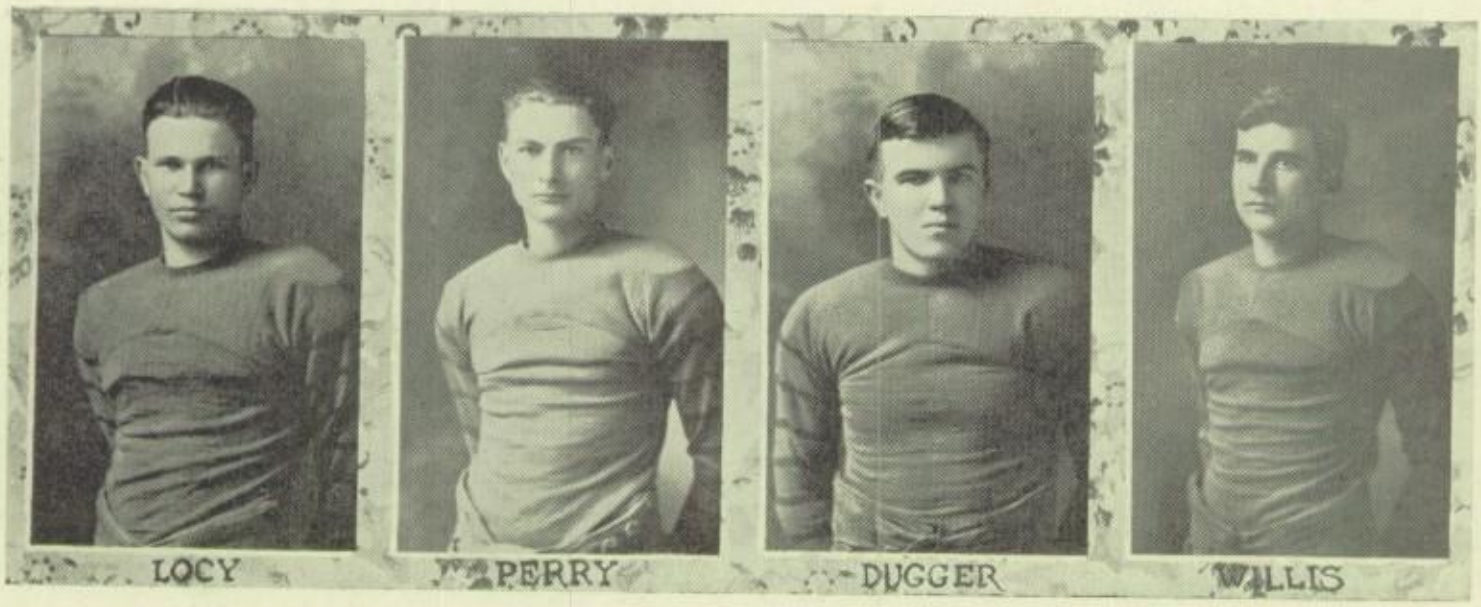
of the time. Here in this half G. H. S. encountered some "tough breaks." Although outplayed the White Salmon team held us to a 0 to 0 score.

Craving revenge we motored to White Salmon on the next Friday. The ball was in White Salmon territory most of the time but again "tough breaks" kept us from scoring. With about three minutes to go a thirty yard pass was sent over the goal line for our first score. This was all the scoring done in the first half. The second half opened with a rush from White Salmon to tie the score, but it failed. We battled on even terms the rest of the quarter. In the final period G. H. S. returned a punt for about eighty yards, and the final score of the game was G. H. S. 13, White Salmon 0.

Our second game with Wasco came next. With a bad defeat at our hands we went on the field ready to fight to the last ditch. We scored first, but they followed close behind. The score remained the same the rest of the half. On a pass G. H. S. scored again, but we failed to kick goal. On a lucky break and a trick play Wasco scored a touchdown and kicked goal making the score Wasco 13, G. H. S. 12.

Thanksgiving Day found the former G. H. S. stars ready to don football suits for our last game. The game was well played but the G. H. S. warriors were too much, and the alumni fell to a score of 19 to 0.





A number of players played their last game with the alumni. They were Lec Winter, Fred Lear, Ed Allison, August Miller, Chet Dugger, Jim Willis, Leo Jackson, Ray Ferguson, and Warren Watson. With these lettermen gone a big place will be left to fill, but on account of the oncoming material another strong team is expected next year.

E. A. '30

FOOTBALL PERSONNEL

CHESTER DUGGER, Center and Tackle—2 year letterman. This was Chester's second and last year on the team. He was an accurate passer on offense and always broke through the line on defense to break up the opponent's play. A consistent, hard working man both in play and practice.

REO YOUNG, Center and Fullback—2 year letterman. Reo was a good man both in the line and in the backfield. He handled the punting attack in an accurate, consistent manner which aided the team considerably. His distance in punting was not so remarkable but the heighth, well directed, and coolness with which he disposed of the ball enabled the team to keep the yardage of returned punts to a minimum. Reo will be back next year to keep up the fight for his Alma Mater.

ROBERT JACROUX, Guard—2 year letterman. Robert played running guard and was in the interference in nearly every offensive play. He played one of the hardest positions in football and played it well. His offensive assignments and his defensive ability in sure tackling made Robert a valuable man on the team. His position does not get much praise from the spectators' point of view, but from the team's point of view he gets plenty. "Bob" still has two years more of service.

FRED ANDERSON, Guard—1 year letterman. Although Fred did not get to play much because of so much competition for the position, he showed up like a veteran when in action. Fred still has two years to go and will certainly be a tower of strength in next year's line. Fred's only words during game were, "Let me go in there, Coach." Watch him next year.

ARTHUR PERRY, Guard—1 year letterman. Although Arthur's first year on the team he played his position well. Only sickness prevented him from playing as a regular. He will be back next year, and with his year's experience watch for a big hole to open up in the opponent's line.

BILL LOCY, Guard—2 year letterman. The only reason Bill was not a regular was because he was not eligible until the middle of the season. He was a hard hitting man and always under the opponent's line of plays. Bill still has two years to dig his cleats into the turf.

WARREN WATSON, Guard—1 year letterman. This was Warren's first experience at football, but he liked it, and played well showing special ability at defensive work. Warren graduates this year, otherwise he would be in the front ranks in next year's lineup.

CHARLES McEWEN, Tackle—2 year letterman Just a big, red haired, football player tearing holes in the opponents' line at will and stopping the opponents dead still any time they directed a play within his reach. He loved nothing better than playing football and was a valuable man on this year's football team. This was "Pat's" last year on the team.

AUGUST MILLER, Tackle—2 year letterman. A stone wall on defense, always consistent and dependable, a hard working man and a good example for others. August had never seen a football game before the first game he played in, but he played regular from his first game for two years. Determination? Yes, August had lots of it.

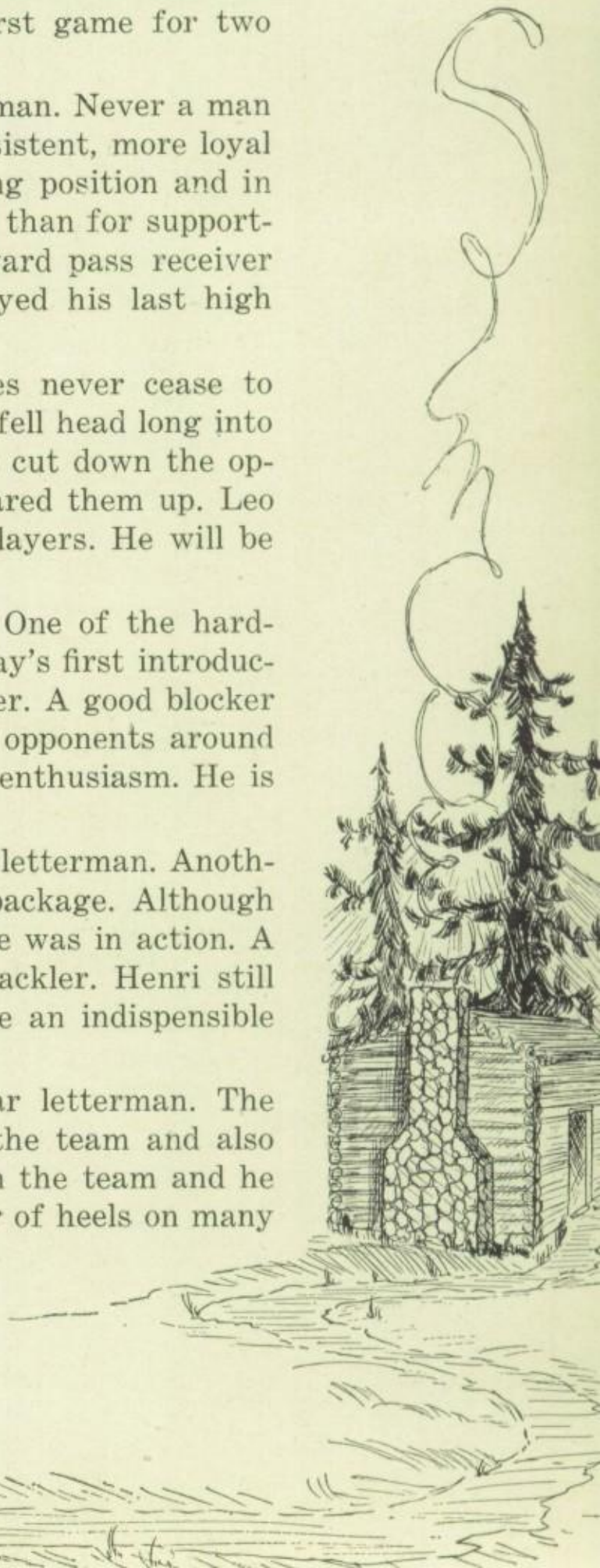
JAMES WILLIS, End and Half-back—1 year letterman. Never a man donned a football uniform more determined or more consistent, more loyal to a team than Jimmie.. He played well both on the wing position and in the backfield, always using his head for something other than for supporting his helmet. A good tackler on defense, a good forward pass receiver and a sure ground gainer on defense, Jimmie has played his last high school football game also.

LEO JACKSON, End—1 year letterman. Surprises never cease to happen. A man who never turned out for football before fell head long into the front ranks of firing. We will never forget how Leo cut down the opponents' interference, tore through it or otherwise smeared them up. Leo had the football fight and spirit essential to all good players. He will be graduated this year.

RAYMOND FERGUSON, End—1 year letterman. One of the hardest hitting, most fearless men on the squad. This was Ray's first introduction to football, but he took to it like a duck to the water. A good blocker and a bearcat on defense. Few yards were made by the opponents around Ray's end. A sure tackler with lots of football fight and enthusiasm. He is a senior this year and will not be back another season.

HENRI DAVENPORT, End and Half-back—1 year letterman. Another instance of a valuable piece of material in a small package. Although the game was new to him he did well during the time he was in action. A speedy man in getting down under punts and a good tackler. Henri still has two years to speed over the gridiron and should be an indispensible man on next year's eleven.

MITCHEL HENSLEE, End and Half-back—1 year letterman. The fastest man on foot. His speed saved many yards for the team and also a couple of touchdowns. This was Mitchel's first year on the team and he is a freshman. He showed his opponents the keenest pair of heels on many



a gridiron. He still has three years in which to play and his work will be an asset to coming teams.

JUNIOR ALLISON, Quarterback—3 year letterman. Junior played quarterback and led the team in a way that would do credit to any quarterback. The work which he put into the game and his spirit helped the team to victory. A good passer and receiver, a good interference man, an indispensible man on defense, and a consistent ground gainer on his off tackle drive. Junior will be missed in future teams.

FRANK LAINHART, Fullback—2 year letterman. The best defense in the state. Frank saved more yards for his team than any other man on the squad. He loves football and put everything he had into it. His ability to run interference on offense and his ability to stop plays on defense made Frank an outstanding player on the squad He still has two years to play.

FRED LEAR, Halfback—3 year letterman. Fred made more yards on returning punts than any of his opponents. His fleety work on criss-cross plays, pass receiving and end runs netted him more yards gained than any other man on the team. Fred's shiftiness and ability to avoid being tackled gave many an enthusiastic spectator the desired thrill of a football game. Fred will not be seen on future teams in G. H. S.

LESTER WINTER, Halfback—3 year letterman. A fast man with the ball and a good open field runner, Lester could always be depended upon to make yardage on his end runs. He was always out for practice, a man of few words but always filled the bill when called upon. His long runs and interception of passes put new life into the team. Lester will also be graduated this year.

G. H. S. FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

	G. H. S.	Opponents
Sept. 27—G. H. S. vs. Prosser at Prosser	0	0
Oct. 4—G. H. S. vs. Wasco at Goldendale	0	13
Oct. 12—G. H. S. vs. Moro at Moro	0	12
Oct. 18—G. H. S. vs. The Dalles at Goldendale	6	0
Oct. 25—G. H. S. vs. Camas at Camas	15	0
Nov. 1—G. H. S. vs. Hood River	13	6
Nov. 11—G. H. S. vs. White Salmon at Goldendale	0	0
Nov. 15—G. H. S. vs. Wasco at Wasca	12	13
Nov. 22—G. H. S. vs. White Salmon	13	0
Nov. 28—G. H. S. vs. Alumni at Goldendale	19	0
TOTAL	76	50

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Two weeks after football season had ended Coach Laudenbach called for his hoopsters. He had three lettermen with which to build up his team. With hard work and fine coaching the basketball team of G. H. S. was on its road to a fine season.

Our first game was on our home floor with Grass Valley. We were not down into fine running order yet, but nevertheless we carried Grass Valley away by a score of 31 to 8.

Camas came up the river during the Christmas vacation to tackle us. All the old Grads were here, and we could not disappoint them. The game was close from the start to the finish. In the last half we found our eye to take a second game by a 22 to 15 score.

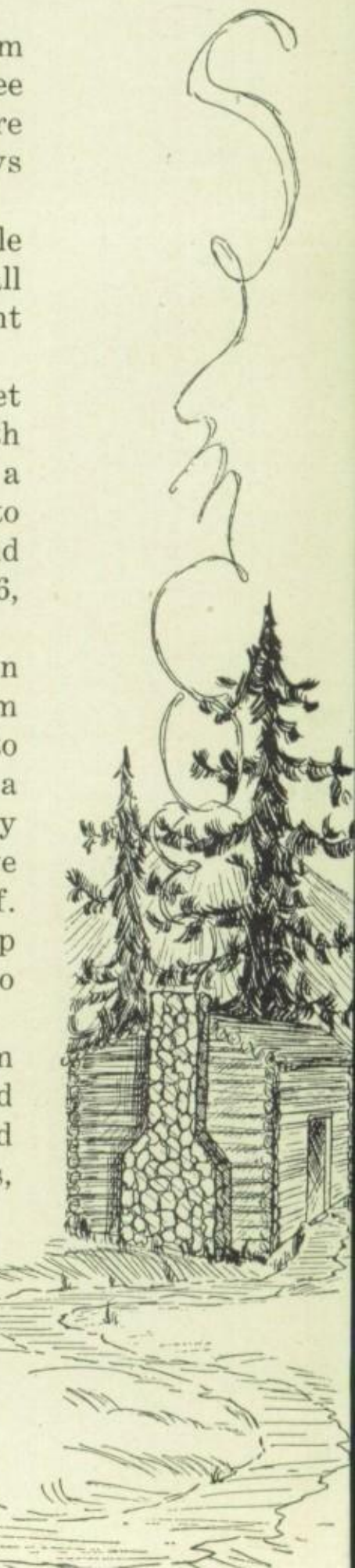
With two regulars out on account of sickness the big Wasco team came over to play us on our own court. Their team was composed of three men over six feet, while, we didn't have a six footer on the squad. There was no doubt as to the outcome of the game, but nevertheless our boys fought to the final whistle. The score was Wasco 21, G. H. S. 7.

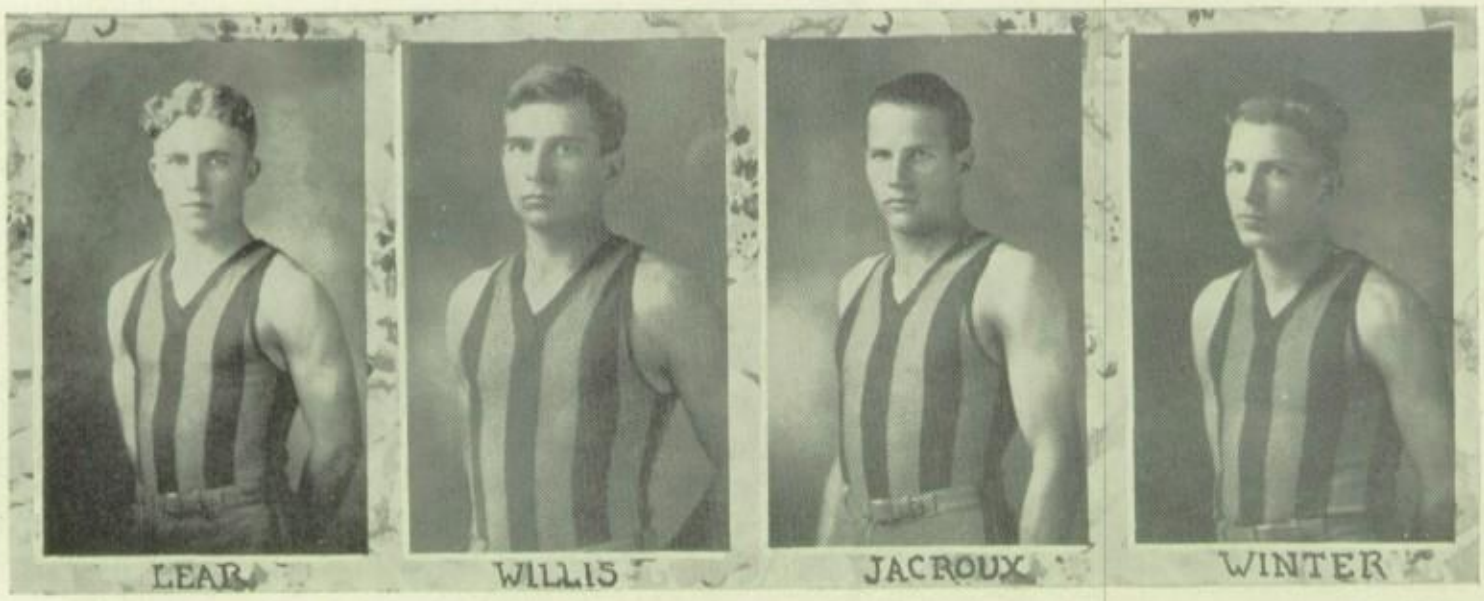
With our two regulars back in the lineup we were ready to tackle Centerville on our home floor. The game was considered a close one by all before the G. H. S. hoopsters got their eye. In the last half our boys went away from the neighbors to win by a score of 28 to 16.

As the snow was too deep for out of town teams to come in to meet us, a team of old alumni got up a team to take on the high school. With sharpshooters on it from previous years the Maroons held G. H. S. to a tie score at half. In the second half they jumped into a small lead just to be overcome by a final rush from our boys. The game was well played and was a thriller from the first whistle. The final score was G. H. S. 16, Maroons 12.

The next Friday found G. H. S. ready to play her first out of town game. With Centerville ready to fight to the last drop our boys met them for the final game between the two towns. As each needed a victory to gain the privilege of going to the State tournament it was bound to be a close game. Centerville took the lead in the first half but was headed by us by one point at half time. In the dressing room Coach Laudenbach gave us a few pointers, and then on to the floor we went for a wild last half. Centerville looped in two long ones for a lead. They kept a slim lead up to the last three minutes when G. H. S. looped in three longs and two fouls to end the game for us by a score of 24 to 20.

On the next night G. H.S. was to tackle the strong Hood River team on their floor. As Hood River had a good reputation a defeat was expected by the local fans. With a determined rush G. H. S. went in to the lead only to have it tied at half time. Again Coach Laudenbach gave pointers,





and this time we went right off and were still going when the final gun went off with G. H. S. leading by a score of 32 to 23.

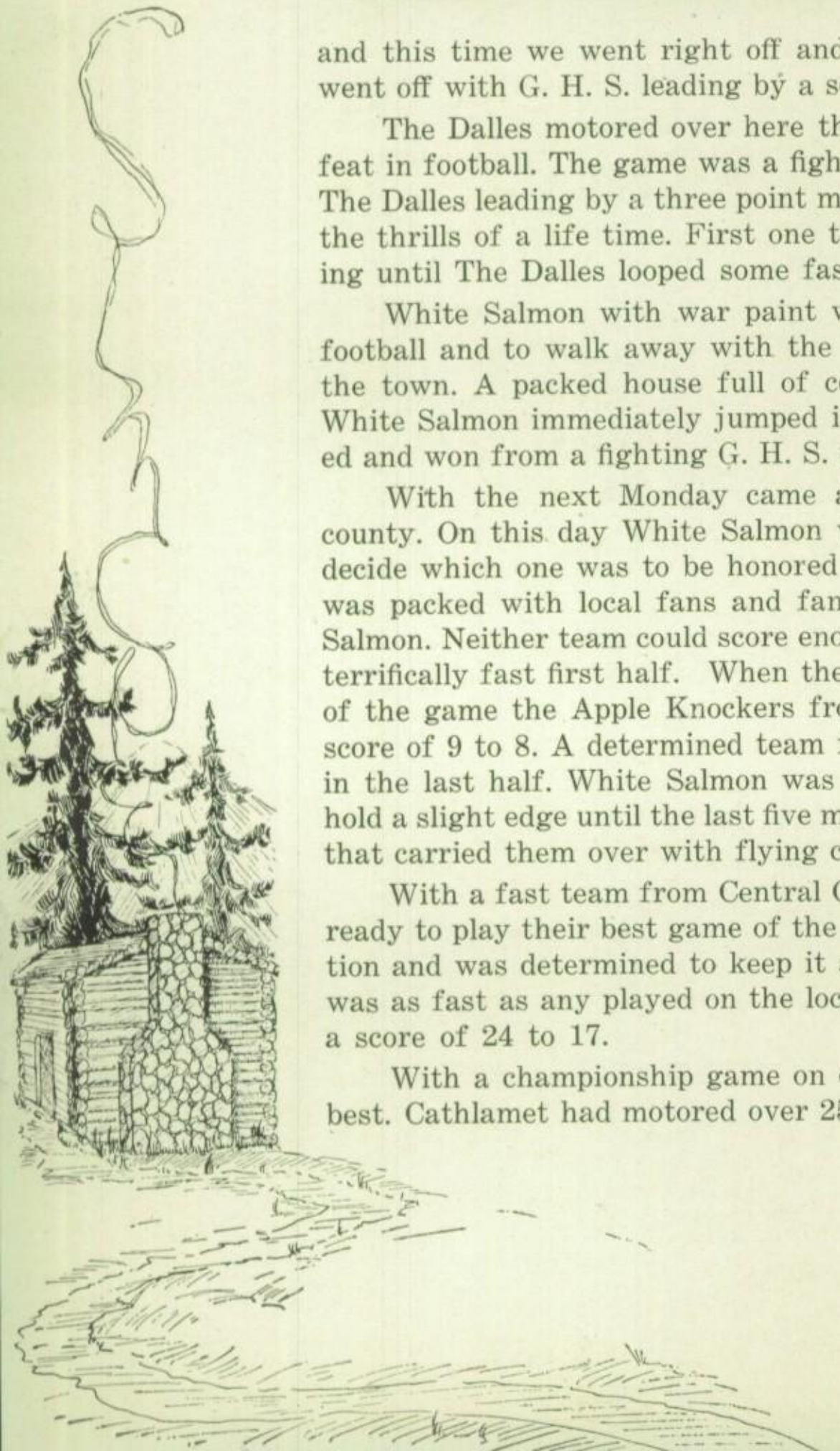
The Dalles motored over here the next Saturday to revenge their defeat in football. The game was a fight from start to finish. The half found The Dalles leading by a three point margin. Into the last half were crowded the thrills of a life time. First one team and then another would be leading until The Dalles looped some fast ones to win by a score of 19 to 13.

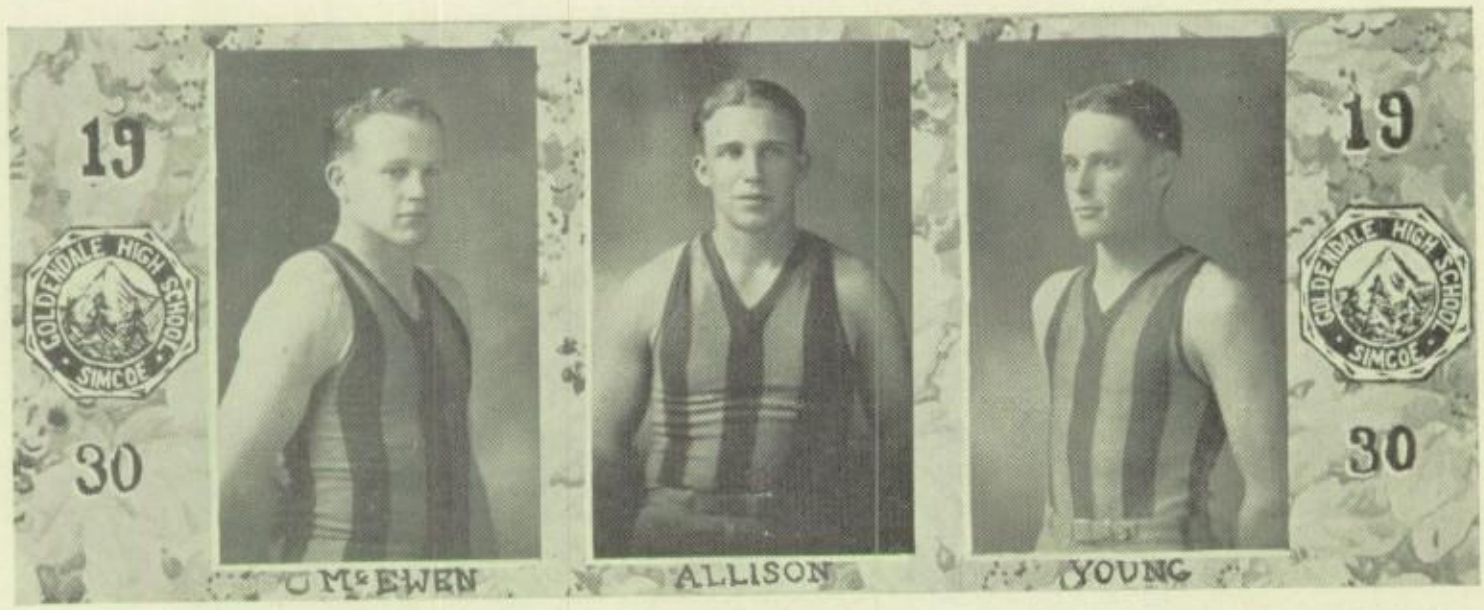
White Salmon with war paint was waiting to revenge her defeat in football and to walk away with the championship as the boys arrived at the town. A packed house full of confidence awaited the game to start. White Salmon immediately jumped into a lead that was never to be headed and won from a fighting G. H. S. team by a score of 24 to 13.

With the next Monday came a day for all basketball fans of the county. On this day White Salmon was to meet us on our home floor to decide which one was to be honored with the trip to Centralia. Our Gym was packed with local fans and fans pulling for their team from White Salmon. Neither team could score enough to keep ahead of the other in that terrifically fast first half. When the whistle sounded to end the first part of the game the Apple Knockers from down the river were leading by a score of 9 to 8. A determined team from G. H. S. came back on the court in the last half. White Salmon was just as determined and succeeded to hold a slight edge until the last five minutes when G. H. S. gave a final spurt that carried them over with flying colors by a score of 16 to 13.

With a fast team from Central Oregon in our Gym, we found our boys ready to play their best game of the season. Bend had a wonderful reputation and was determined to keep it at any price. The game was close and was as fast as any played on the local court. We were again victorious by a score of 24 to 17.

With a championship game on our hands we were ready to meet the best. Cathlamet had motored over 250 miles up the river to play us to see





which team would represent the two divisions in the Southwestern Washington tournament at Centralia. From the opening whistle the game was never in doubt. Our boys were in pink condition ready to play the best they could, and as a result Cathlamet fell by a score of 30 to 2.

The week before the tournament found us ready to meet Hood River for a second time but this time on our home court. With our boys going into a commanding lead we were never headed, again. This was the last game of the season on our court and so it found Lec Winter, Ed Allison, Fred Lear, Jim Willis, Thurman Ward, and Chet Dugger playing before local fans for the last time. As this was the case we couldn't be beaten, and when the final gun went off we were leading by 34 to 16.

At Centralia we met some strong opposition. We had as in previous years drawn a winning team. This time we drew a team from Morton that was composed of "six-footers." We held a slight lead until the last half when height told, and G. H. S. fell by a score of 32 to 23.

This season ended the basketball careers, as far as G. H. S. is concerned, of Fred Lear, Ed Allison, and Lec Winter, all three of whom have worn the purple and gold suits for three years. With these players goes Jim Willis, Chet Dugger, and Thurman Ward all of whom have played nobly for their alma mater.

At the start of the season no captain was chosen. The three lettermen took turns in being captain. G. H. S. had one of her most successful basketball seasons in her history. She played fourteen games and lost only three. There will only be two lettermen back for next year, but with these a large number of reserves are coming up to help make another fine team for G. H. S.

E. A. '30

LEC WINTER—Forward. Lec was always in the game with a spirit that any player would be proud to have. With his long shots he was always a threat to the opponent. This is Lec's third and last year, and G. H. S. will miss a fast, sure shot.

FRED LEAR—Forward. Freddie was a fast, sure shot forward. He was high point man for the season. As Fred graduated this year after three years of fighting, G. H. S. will miss one of its best forwards for all time.

BOB JACROUX—Center and Guard. With a start of the season Jerk worked in at guard, but as the season went on and a center was needed Jerk went to center. Jerk played the game all the time, and he will be back as G. H. S.'s one main stay for next year. This was his first year on the team.

ED ALLISON—Guard. This was Ed's fourth year on the team. He was in the game fighting all the time with everything he had. This is his last year, and he will be a big loss to the oncoming teams.

JIM WILLIS—Guard. This was Jim's first year on the team. He played like a veteran and was a great moral support as well as a great player.. This was his first and last year on the team, and G. H. S. will miss Jimmie.

PAT McEWEN—Guard. This was Pat's first year at basketball. As the season went on Pat became more of a star in every game. He was a big, fast, and all around player. Because of a new ruling he was not allowed to play at the close of the season. This is Pat's last year.

REO YOUNG—Center. This is Reo's first year on the team. He played regular at center, with a fight that was missed when on account of sickness he was taken from the first lineup. He will be back next year to help G. H. S. on to victories.

THURMAN WARD—Sub Forward. Wardie was called upon several times this year to do his stuff for old G. H. S., and each time he performed like a veteran. He was kept from the regular lineup because of lack of experience and too much competition. This is his first and last year.

CHESTER DUGGER—Sub Guard. Chet has turned out four years but has never made it until this year. He was in several games, and he could always be counted upon to do his stuff. Chet also graduates this year.

Those men earning their letters are: Fred Lear, Lec Winter, Bob Jacroux, Ed Allison, Jim Willis, Pat McEwen, and Reo Young.

PERSONAL RECORD

	Points	Personal Fouls	Fouls Shot	Converted
Lear	117	25	18	16
Winter	95	20	13	11
Jacroux	22	15	16	4
Allison	32	26	13	10
Willis	2	5	13	2
Young	24	15	2	6
McEwen	0	0	2	0

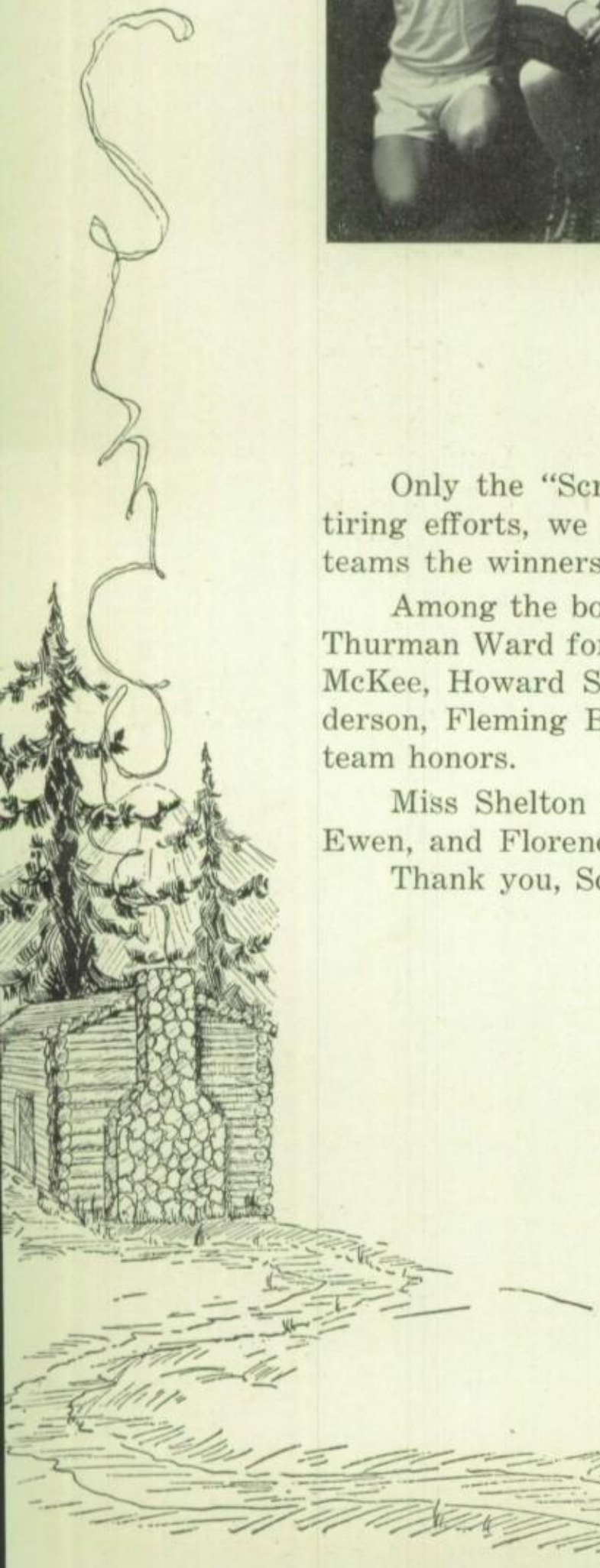
Total G. H. S. ..... 290 points

Total opponent's score ..... 206 points

TRACK

This season track is under the able leadership of Coach Laudenbach. The prospects at this writing seem very bright, for the boys have been turning out and working faithfully, but there has been no real test of the candidates as yet, since the season is not yet under way.

Those who have been working in preparation for the oncoming meet are: Lester Winter, James Willis, Fred Lear, August Miller, Ronald Richardson, Kirk McKee, Leo Jackson, Robert Jacroux, Mitchel Henslee, Loren Hamilton, Fred Anderson, Jack Dressel



THE SCRUBS

Only the "Scrubs" but to them, because of their consistent and untiring efforts, we give honorable mention for helping to make the first teams the winners that they were.

Among the boys Coach Laudenbach recommends Chester Dugger and Thurman Ward for first team honors and Jack Dressel, Gordon Bath, Kirk McKee, Howard Spalding, Loren Hamilton, Raymond Mueller, Fred Anderson, Fleming Byars, Paul Sanstrum, and Marvin Kamholz for second team honors.

Miss Shelton recommends Edna Sanstrum, Mildred Swan, Mary McEwen, and Florence Bratton for honorable mention.

Thank you, Scrubs!

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball practise started shortly before the Christmas vacation. Only sixteen girls turned out at the opening of the season, and later a number of these dropped out, making it necessary for the remaining ten or twelve to practise with the third team boys. However, in spite of being handicapped by the lack of material. Miss Shelton was able to turn out a fairly good girls' team this year. We had five of last year's letter girls back, and it was comparatively easy for the coach to select the other three members of the regular team.

GAMES

Before the opening of the season, the girls played two games. The first, versus the Boy Midgets, was played on December 20. This was a fast, interesting game, but ended with the boys holding a one-point lead.

On December 28, we played the Alumni. This was a snappy, hard-fought game, but the Alumni defeated us 6 to 1.

Our first real game of the season was played against Wasco, at Goldendale, on January 3. This game was quite one-sided and ended with Wasco on the long end of a 19 to 2 score.

On January 10, Lyle played here. We defeated them 23 to 10. This was a dead walk-away for the Purple and Gold girls, and members of the second team played a great deal of the game.

On February 1, we again tackled the Boy Midgets, and although we led them 8-7 at the end of the first half, in the third and fourth quarters they proved too much for us and again defeated us, this time with a score of 20 to 12.

Our next game was another defeat for us. On February 8, Mosier defeated us by a score of 59 to 1. Although this score sounds as if the game was very one-sided, that was not so. The ball was at Goldendale's end of the floor as often as it was at Mosier's, but they had the advantage of two tall forwards who simply couldn't miss the basket.

The next game was more like a "free-for-all" than a basketball game. It was played at Lyle on February 14. In spite of the war-like offense which the G. H. S. girls had to compete with, they emerged from the fray badly battered, but with the satisfaction that they had won by a score of 21 to 7.

On February 28, the last game of the season was played at Goldendale against Moro. This was a fast game and very interesting. The final score was 17 to 5 in favor of Goldendale.

THE LINE-UP

MARGARET McEWEN, "Peggy"—Played a fast, dependable game in her position as right forward. This is her second year on the team, and she will be back again next year.

LOUISE DRESSEL, "Tiny"—As left forward, was a snappy player and a good point-maker, who always fought like a trouper until the final whistle blew. This is her second year on the team, and she will be back next year.

JEAN COFFIELD, "Boob"—As running center played a peppy game full of fight. This was her second and last year on the team.

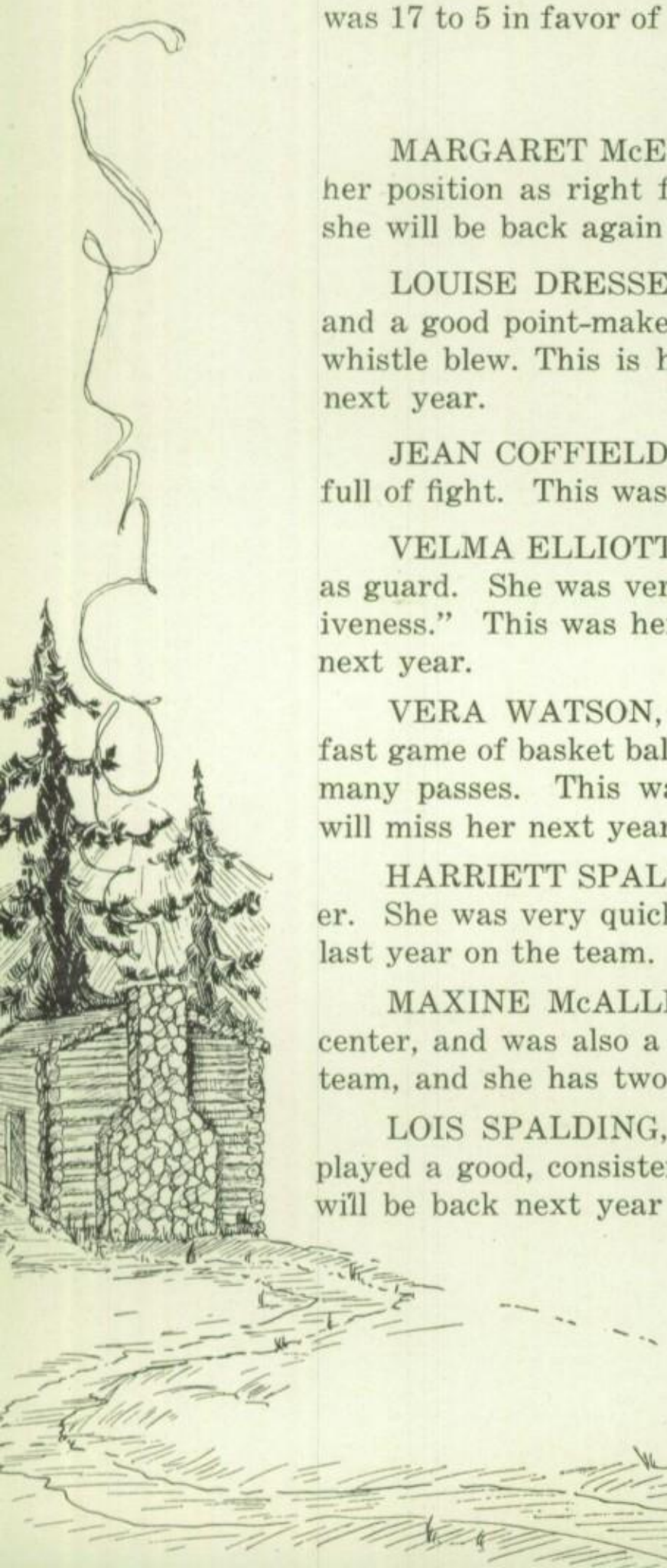
VELMA ELLIOTT, "Snookie"—Played a snappy game in her position as guard. She was very good on the defense and had a lot of "stick-to-it-iveness." This was her first year on the team, and she will be back again next year.

VERA WATSON, "Weary"—Our other dependable guard, played a fast game of basket ball. She stayed close to her opponent and intercepted many passes. This was her second and last year on the team, and we will miss her next year.

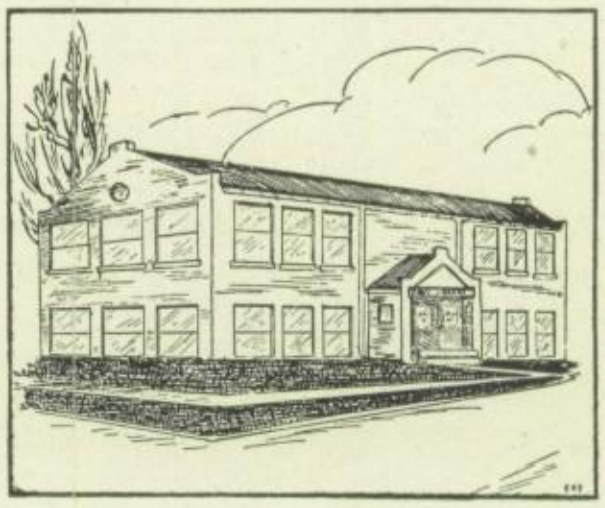
HARRIETT SPALDING, "Hattie"—Played forward and running center. She was very quick and had good team-work. This was her first and last year on the team.

MAXINE McALLISTER, "Max"—Played a dandy game as running center, and was also a dependable guard. This was her first year on the team, and she has two more ahead of her.

LOIS SPALDING, "Lois"—In her position as jumping center, Lois played a good, consistent game from the first until the final whistle. Lois will be back next year to help make another winning team for G. H. S.



Literary



UNDERWORLD JUSTICE

The first day of February dawned gray and dismal. All day long the sky was overcast with clouds that hid the sun. The first night of February was also dismal with a sickly pale moon and fog that blurred objects in the street. It was this night that "Skip" Bailey chose to go to the district attorney's home.

Strange it was that a man of his character, so well versed in crime and the haunt of criminals, should choose to go of his own accord to the home of an officer and upholder of the law. But Bailey was of different character than most criminals. His visits to the District Attorney's home were frequent and always secret. He was what is called by the police an informer. The underworld had another name for it. The reason for these visits might be explained two ways. One was certain evidence which the police possessed. The other was Bailey's character. So it was on this dreary night that Bailey made his way to the house and entered.

Skip had been employed a long time as a spy. Through his information successful police raids had been made, and the plans of master gangsters had gone wrong. There was a leak somewhere, and the ruler of Gangland commanded that it be stopped.

As Skip entered the house he believed himself to be safe. He believed that no one could have trailed him to this house. But in the best laid plans there is a slip somewhere. The fog that he believed had kept him out of sight of man, had served as a blind cover for the two men who had followed him here. The men were gangsters and ruthless gunmen, and they knew their duty as ordered by the unwritten laws of the underworld.

When Skip came out of the house and turned down the street two sinister figures rose from the shrubbery and followed unnoticed by the spy. He proceeded down the street blissfully ignorant of the impending danger behind. As Skip drew opposite a black car parked along the curb, a hand was clapped across his mouth, and he felt the muzzle of a gun in the small of his back. Terror gripped him, for in an instant he realized his fate. He was shoved into the back of the car with a man on either side, each holding a gun. The car's idling engine leaped to a roar. The whole procedure from the time he left the house until he was in the car had taken but little over a minute and had been done in silence. Twenty minutes later the car turned off of the main road into a little used side road. The car stopped, and the three men in the back seat got out. The man in the middle was weak with terror and was half carried, half dragged by his grim captors. They stopped by the side of the road. There was a flash, a report, and the helpless gasp of a dying man. More reports followed from the guns of the men standing, and at last the figure on the ground was still. The two men returned to the waiting car whose headlights fast disappeared in the fog in the direction of the city.

In the morning Skip's body was found, riddled with bullets, and on his face was the look of a man who had died from terror, not from bullets. Thus ended the life of Skip Bailey, informer to the police and outcast of the underworld.

THE HOUR IS STRUCK

One! — two! — three! — four — five! — six! — seven! — eight! — nine! — ten! — eleven! — twelve! !

The soft, song-like sounds of the old clock thrill through the expectant air. The hush is broken—yet only by the clock. Not an audible breath; not another sound—

The clock sobbed—or seemed to. It was the usual skip of a beat before the striking, but someway, this night it was wrought with meaning. True it was only the old parlor clock, that had so interwoven itself with the everyday thoughts and doings of the house, and the ears it reached were only those of an everyday inmate; two most ordinary personages in the light of day—**but this was New Year's Eve!**

Now the chiming reverberations had died away. The clock took up its slow, rhymthic tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock. The person opened his eyes, which had been shut. Opened them, shut them again; took up the pen lying before him, bit a front tooth into it—pondered, and said, "I resolve—"

Why not? The paper lay before him: a ream—spotless white. The past lay behind him: a year—disillusion—

A new beginning! A new sheet of paper; a new year; a new heart! The old world? What was it beside these weapons? Surely nothing! Time had called another quarter in the old game! A moment—and back into it with the old desire as new as at the start!

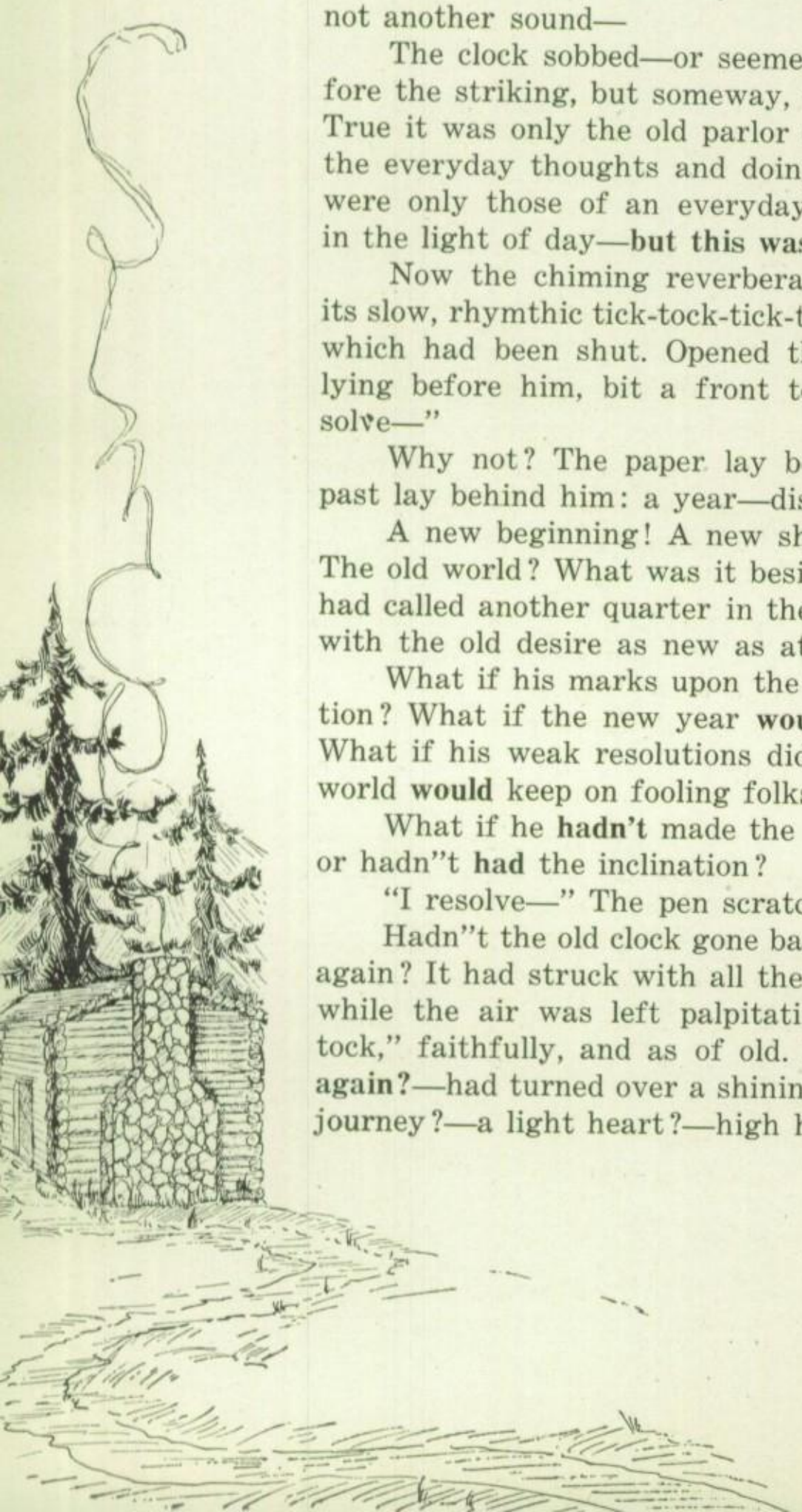
What if his marks upon the paper **would** disfigure it beyond redemption? What if the new year **would** turn out to be the same as the old? What if his weak resolutions did **not** last the year out? What if the old world **would** keep on fooling folks? What indeed!

What if he **hadn't** made the resolution when he had the inclination—or hadn"t **had** the inclination?

"I resolve—" The pen scratched across the page—

Hadn"t the old clock gone back to ticking slowly, surely, happily away again? It had struck with all the solemn beauty it commanded—and even while the air was left palpitating, had gone on again: "tick-tock-tick-tock," faithfully, and as of old. But couldn't one feel that it had begun **again?**—had turned over a shining new leaf?—was off on a new lap of the journey?—a light heart?—high hope?

M. P. '31



WHAT PRICE HONOR

Charles McMaster was an Irish boy of very prepossessing appearance. At this moment Pat was sitting on the steps of a beautiful high school, a noble relic of past architecture. His books at his side, his head resting backwards upon the palms of his hands, he seemed a picture of self content. A look into those grey eyes however instantly determined the folly of the assumption. They were glowing with a fierce determination as they followed the outline of a departing figure now hardly distinguishable in the deepening twilight.

Pat moved and sighed for with the departing figure went his last chance of making good, of proving his honor, and his self respect. **Now** he could not prove himself the man his classmates had always thought him. The coach's simple speech had told him as much.

The words, "you are through" might have meant many things, but to the young man sadly watching the shadows creeping over him as if to steal away his very being, it meant only one thing, that the cross country race Thursday would find Denny High without the services of its star runner, Pat McMaster.

The figure now scarcely perceptible in the darkness was the cause of that. Had he not definitely stated that Pat had received information on his examination paper, therefore disgracing himself before the school, and worst of all making him ineligible for the meet?

Pat thought the matter over carefully. Was there a chance that Parker was guilty? No, it could not be for Parker was sitting several seats from Pat during the examination. It would have been impossible to have placed the evidence there while Pat was writing. But it was there, and that was what mattered. He smiled grimly and made his way into the fast thickening twilight.

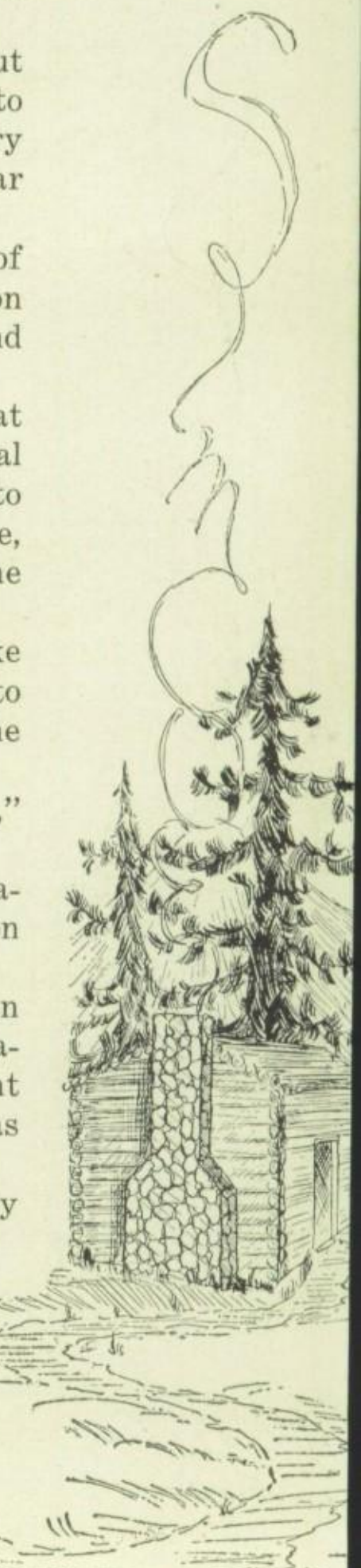
"I am sorry Pat, but you will not be able to run; Parker will take your place Thursday," was the coach's answer next morning in reply to Pat's determined inquiry. "There will be an investigation, I hope for the best, but that note with the figures on it looks bad for you."

"But coach, I can't typewrite, and those figures were typewritten," said Pat bitterly.

"I know," said the coach, a kind light spreading over his grim features, "I shall speak to Professor Talmen about it; meanwhile keep on training."

Pat looked for the hundredth time at the small piece of typewritten paper that had so decisively disgraced him. "Could I find out what machine made these numbers? They don't seem to be standard type," thought Pat, glancing over the figures. "Perhaps I could find whose machine was used."

With this course in mind he went doggedly on his hunt. Thursday had drawn near; no results, and Parker was working out in his place.



"How is the hero?" was Parker's remark when Pat came out to watch the last practice session. With difficulty Pat restrained himself.

"Wait, there is a better way," Pat cautioned himself. "Parker has the only remaining machine. Who can tell what I may find?"

A key grated in a lock, a door creaked, and the last machine appeared before Pat's eyes—the last chance to prove his innocence on the day of the race. Feverishly he pecked out the corresponding numbers on a sheet of paper, then compared them. No chance—they were not the same. Pat's eyes surveyed the room searchingly. Was that a machine partly concealed in the corner? He hurried over and pulled off the cover. Here in plain sight was an old square type machine—the one which had written the tell-tale numbers. The evidence at **last** was found.

He had no time to lose, he must hurry. They were already dressing for the race. The biggest event of the year was in progress. Could he make it in time? Would the professor believe his evidence? Perhaps not, but no time could be lost.

He hurried to the office; the door was open. Mr. Anderson was seated at his desk.

"What can I do for you?" said Mr. Anderson smiling.

"Mr. Anderson, I can prove who did the cheating at the examination! Here is the evidence. Are these two copies the same?"

Mr. Anderson took the extended copies. "Yes, they certainly are, why?"

"The typewriter used for these is in Parker's room!"

Mr. Anderson smiled queerly. "Wait here." With a dash for his hat he hurried out of the room.

Soon he returned and with him Pat saw the Coach and Parker. Parker had a sneer upon his face as he glanced at Pat, but his expression changed rapidly as he saw the two papers that the coach presented to him.

"How about it, Parker. Are you responsible for this?" Parker smiled strangely.

"I guess you have me. Here is your suit Pat, win the race!"

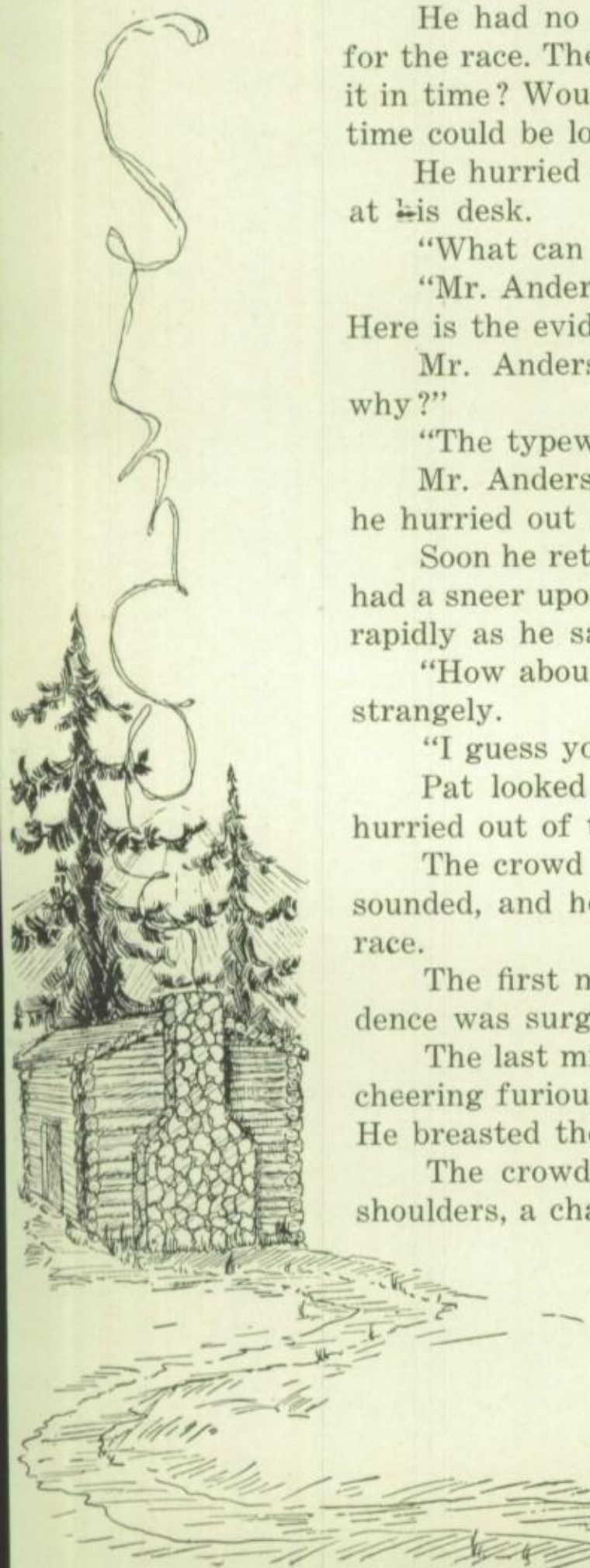
Pat looked at the coach who nodded emphatically. With a rush he hurried out of the room to his locker.

The crowd roared as he took his place on the starting line. The gun sounded, and he was on his way. With a fast easy stride he was in the race.

The first mile passed. He was running sixth. The old thrill of confidence was surging through his veins.

The last mile placed him second. Before his the crowd was yelling and cheering furiously. He was running faster! He had passed his adversary! He breasted the tape a winner!

The crowd surrounded him and drew him exhausted upon their shoulders, a champion at last!



"What price victory? What price glory?" smiled Pat as he sat that evening on the school house steps,—and he answered his own question with one word "Honor!"

L. W. '30

A SENIOR

The years of school are going fast,
As through this school we hope to pass,
We students, who bore our studies well,
Now receive our reward which we vainly spell
A Senior!

"You will not pass!" Mr. Bacher said;
"Heavy hangs the F's right over your head!"
Now roaring we make our reply at last,
We attained our rank, though not so fast,
A Senior!

"Now go," our parents often said
"And get some knowledge drilled into your head!"
And when we asked how high to go,
The only word which they did know,
A Senior!

Our brow is glad; our eye from beneath,
Our difficult books, we happily sheath,
And like our silvery voices rings
The glory of the highest things,
A Senior!

Our happy hearts are very light,
Our parents express their great delight
That we have attained this rank at last,
From freshmen green to this great class,
A Senior!

"Beware my freshman, the task is hard.
Beware the lessons, for they are hard."
This is our bold and last reply;
Now strive to learn and advance as I,
A Senior!

R. P. '30

MY TRIP TO MARS

"Wanted—a fearless, intelligent, dependable young man. Must have steady nerves and strong body. Must have no family and know elements of science. Good wages. Apply in person to Jeffry Higgindale, 12 Gage Street, Chicago."

I read the advertisement again. "By Jove!" I exclaimed to myself. "That's my job!"

So I set off to find 12 Gage Street. After successfully dodging street cars and gangster's bullets for over an hour, I finally found my destination—a little old antique shop. I entered, and upon inquiring about Jeffrey Higgindale, was led to a small back room he apparently called his office.

I found myself looking into the staring eyes of a huge man. He stood in the center of the floor and with his arms folded was giving me the "first over."

"Good morning," I said pleasantly, but inwardly wishing I was at home, "are you Mr. Jeffry Higgindale?" The big man did not answer but stood like a statue, with his arms folded and not once taking his eyes from me.

I repeated my question, but he paid not the slightest attention to me. I couldn't imagine what was wrong with him—I just stood and stared at him as he was staring at me.

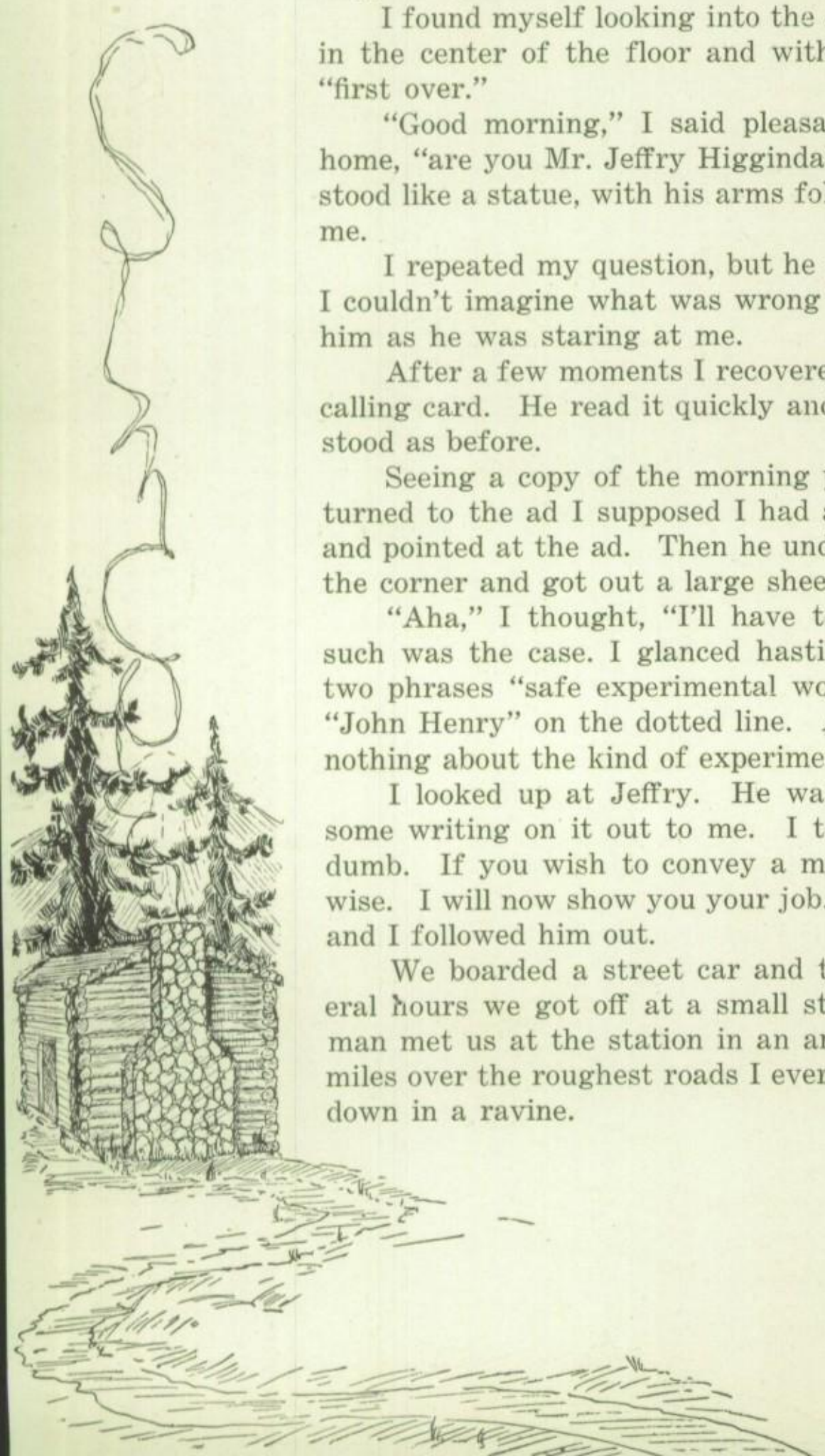
After a few moments I recovered my wits sufficiently to hand him my calling card. He read it quickly and nodded his head ever so slightly and stood as before.

Seeing a copy of the morning paper on the floor, I picked it up and turned to the ad I supposed I had answered. I handed the paper to him and pointed at the ad. Then he understood. He dashed over to a shelf in the corner and got out a large sheet of paper and a pen.

"Aha," I thought, "I'll have to sign a contract." And sure enough, such was the case. I glanced hastily over the contract, but when I saw two phrases "safe experimental work," and "$350 per month" I put my "John Henry" on the dotted line. As far as I could see the contract said nothing about the kind of experimental work, other than that it was safe.

I looked up at Jeffry. He was holding a small piece of paper with some writing on it out to me. I took it and read, "I am both deaf and dumb. If you wish to convey a message to me, write it. I will do likewise. I will now show you your job." I looked up again. Jeffry beckoned, and I followed him out.

We boarded a street car and then a train. After traveling for several hours we got off at a small station in the country. A tall, bearded man met us at the station in an ancient flivver. After traveling several miles over the roughest roads I ever saw, we came to a large building built down in a ravine.



"This is the professor's workshop," the man at the wheel said. "It was built in this isolated region for secrecy's sake. Why, if the public knew of this, there wouldn't be standing room around here."

"But what does the professor do in his workshop?" I asked.

"Don't you know? Aren't you the man Jeffry hired to fly his rocket to Mars?"

"Me fly a rocket to Mars?" I gasped. "What kind of a rocket?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly what to call it, but you can come see it."

We entered the building. A score of men were putting the finishing touches on a huge cigar—shaped craft. The rocket was about a hundred feet long and ten feet in diameter at the center. It was made of steel plates an inch thick, electrically welded together. Near each end were eight nozzle-like projections.

"And do I have to fly that thing to the moon and back?" I asked again, for I hardly believed him the first time.

"To Mars," he corrected, "not to the moon."

My heart nearly quit beating. What a fool I was! Signed a contract before I knew what my job was! Maybe I could back out yet. But no! I was fool enough to sign up without reading. I was too foolish to live on the earth. I would pilot the professor's rocket to Mars!

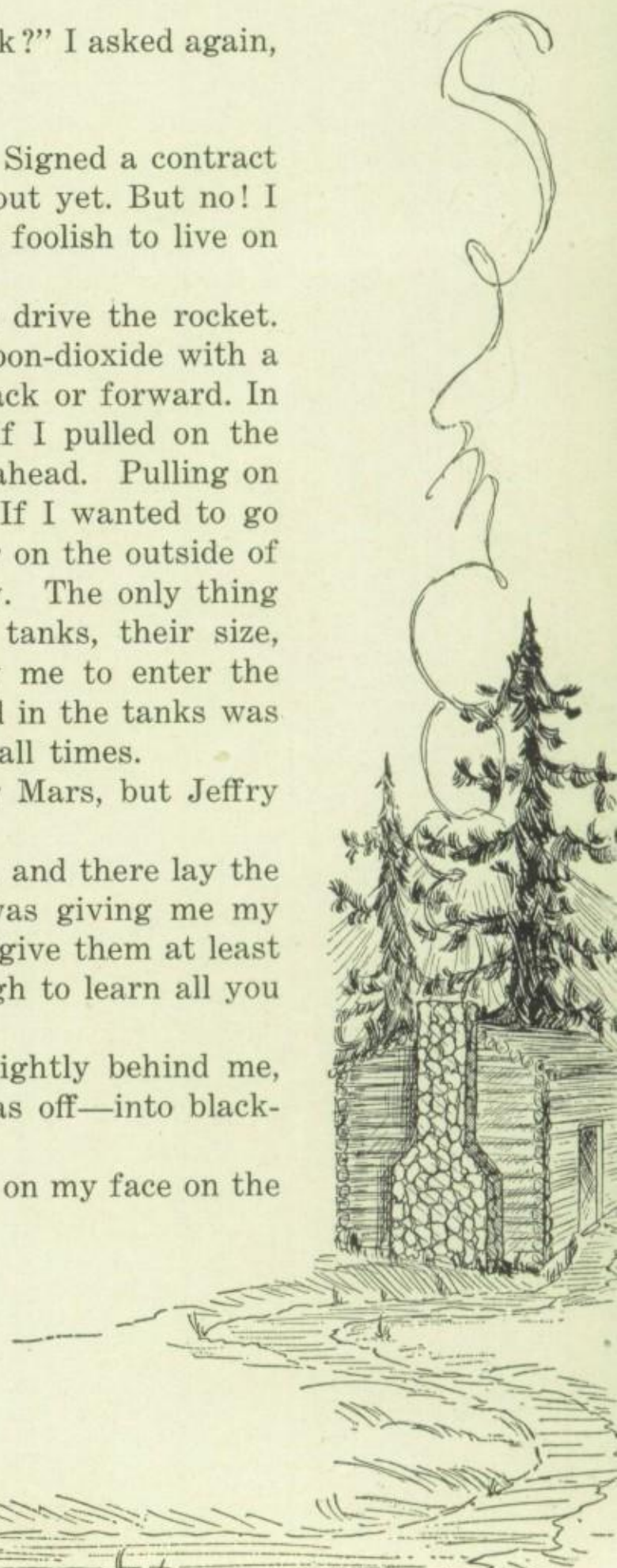
So I cheerfully went about my task of learning to drive the rocket. The queer contraption was to be propelled by liquid carbon-dioxide with a great increase in volume. The rocket could go either back or forward. In the control cabin was a set of sixteen small levers. If I pulled on the first eight levers I could make the rocket go full speed ahead. Pulling on the other eight would make me go full speed reverse. If I wanted to go in a circle or turn around I shut off all but three or four on the outside of the curves. In a few hours I knew the rocket perfectly. The only thing I didn't know about it was the liquid carbon-dioxide tanks, their size, location, and capacity. The workmen would not allow me to enter the compartment for they said the temperature of the liquid in the tanks was 240 degrees Fahrenheit and must be kept the same at all times.

I wanted to go on a trial trip before I started for Mars, but Jeffry would not allow it. He said it would cost too much.

At last all was ready. The shop had been torn down, and there lay the rocket with is nose pointed skyward. The professor was giving me my final instructions. "Don't go too close to Mars," I read, "give them at least a ten-mile berth. Do not stay too long—just long enough to learn all you can about them."

I stepped into the control cabin, closed the door tightly behind me, placed my hand on the levers, waved goodbye, and—was off—into blackness.

When I regained consciousness I found myself lying on my face on the



floor. Instantly I realized what had happened. I had pulled the starting levers too quickly. The rocket had started out at a thousand miles instead of the two hundred Jeflrey had planned. The inertia had been too great for me to resist, for in starting I had been flung violently against the back of the cabin. Even now I was on my way to Mars. I glanced at my watch. I had been unconscious four hours, or at least it was four hours since I started.

I went to the window and glanced out. As far as I could see there was nothing outside but night. I expected this as Jeffry had told me previously that up several thousand miles there were no electrones to reflect light rays, and consequently it was absolutely dark. The only way I knew we were in motion was by the steady roar of escaping gas from the propelling nozzles. I glanced at the instrument board. The direction indicator pointed at Mars, so I knew my craft was headed the right general direction. The speed indicator stood at zero, for it could not function without air, and we had left the earth's atmosphere a million miles behind. My fuel gauge showed I had used a very small fraction of my liquid carbon-dioxide.

Hearing a peculiar noise I looked out the window. What was that? A light? Surely not! But it was a light although very dim and diffused. And it was growing brighter! I turned off the power so I would not go so fast. If I went too fast near Mars I might collide before I could turn to one side or the other.

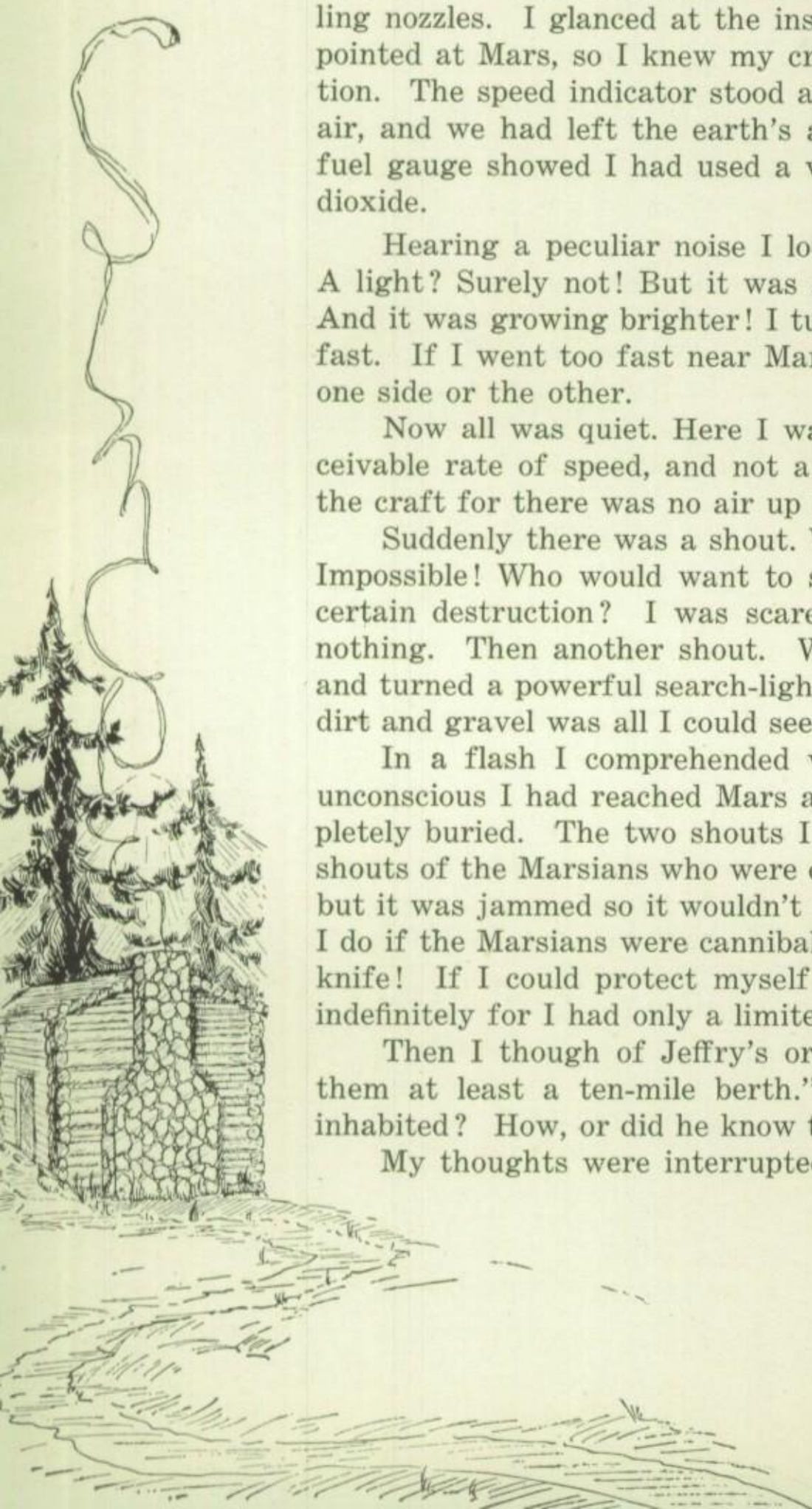
Now all was quiet. Here I was hurtling through space ath an inconceivable rate of speed, and not a sound, not even wind whistling around the craft for there was no air up here.

Suddenly there was a shout. What! Was there a stowaway on board? Impossible! Who would want to stow away on a craft bound for almost certain destruction? I was scared. I didn't know what to do so I did nothing. Then another shout. What could it be? I went to the window and turned a powerful search-light on. What I saw astonished me. Loose dirt and gravel was all I could see.

In a flash I comprehended what had happened. While I was still unconscious I had reached Mars and had hit so hard the rocket was completely buried. The two shouts I had heard were not human; they were shouts of the Marsians who were digging me out. I tried to open the door but it was jammed so it wouldn't move a fraction of an inch. What could I do if the Marsians were cannibals? I had no weapons. Not even a pocket knife! If I could protect myself from the Marsians I could not live on indefinitely for I had only a limited quantity of food.

Then I though of Jeffry's order: Don't go too close to Mars—give them at least a ten-mile berth." How had he known that Mars was inhabited? How, or did he know that the Marsians were a fierce race?

My thoughts were interrupted by a light,—an electric light, flashing



on and off just outside my window. I recognized it as the international code. Evidently the Marsians were civilized for what would they use code for if they didn't have wireless. "Who are you?" he flashed. "I am a messenger to Mars," I flashed back, using my flashlight. "What is your message?" he asked. "I have none," I replied.

I wanted to see a Marsian, so I went over to the window and turned the searchlight on. The creature I saw was about my size. I could not see his face for he wore some kind of a contraption I would call an oxygen mask. Evidently there was no oxygen in the atmosphere, and they got their only supply by the electrolysis of water.

He made motions for me to come out, but I shook my head and pointed to the jammed door. He evidently understood for he put his shoulder to the door and crashed through as if it had been made of paper instead of steel plate. Instantly the atmosphere poured in and I struggled—choked for air. My rescuer clamped another oxygen mask over my face, and I felt better.

Evidently the Marsians were as fully civilized as the people of the earth for my rescuer had gas masks, better than any I had ever seen on the earth, and a very brilliant lantern I took to be electric. They had very powerful telescopes, too, for he later told me he had seen me from the earth.

He beckoned for me to follow him up the tunnel which he had made to get me out. After a few minutes of laborious travel we came to the surface. The landscape seemed familiar. And then the truth dawned on me. I was still on the earth. I had only started on my trip when a valve had broken. That put the craft in reverse and it had crashed back to earth with such force as to bury itself.

Jeffry's next expedition will be a success if he can find another pilot, for I refuse to take the job again.

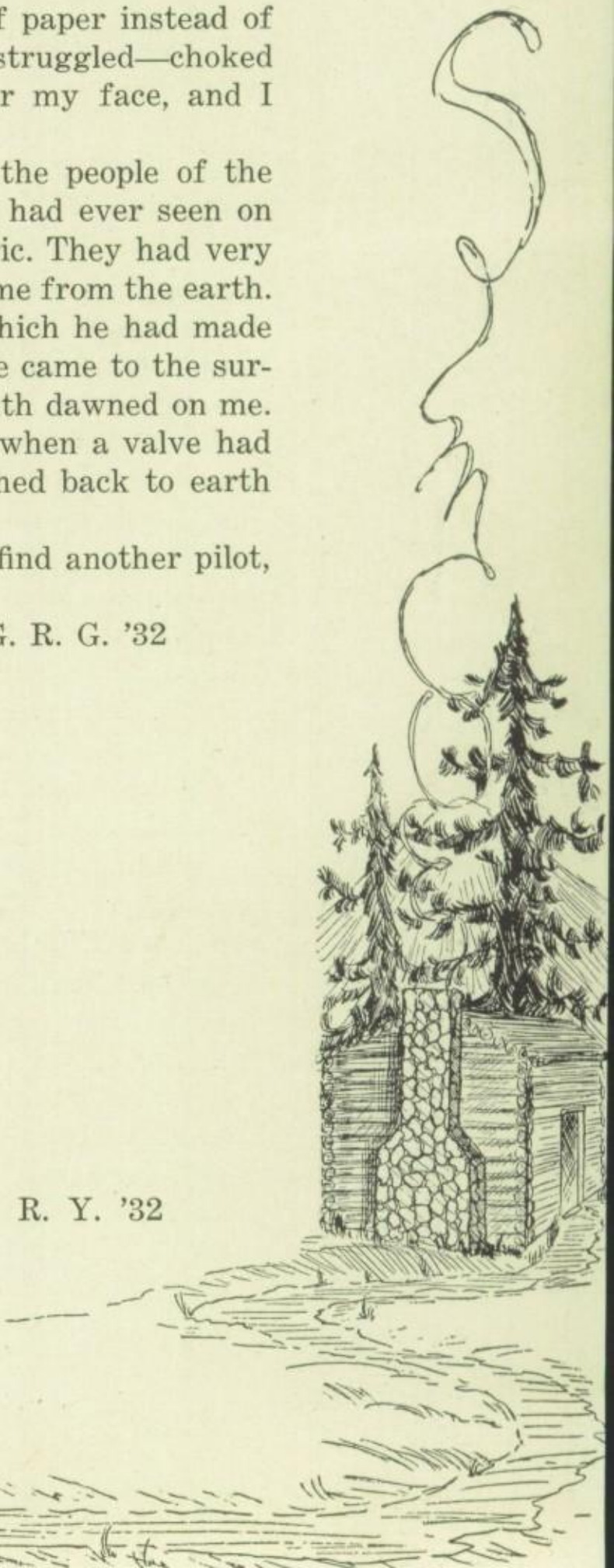
G. R. G. '32

IT CAN'T BE DONE

I couldn't think, I couldn't write,
I stayed up "dern" near all the night.
My thoughts, they almost grew sublime
But still I couldn't make 'em rhyme.

And then I took myself to bed
To rest my weary aching head.
And now, I know that you'll agree
That poems aren't made by fools like me.

R. Y. '32



GIVE ME LIBERTY

Elnora hurried down the main street with her mind full of hatred for lessons—all lessons! The heartlessness of teachers who sit at school, all cool and composed—or cross and out-of-humor (as the case may be)—and do nothing but assign lessons! Be they kindly and tranquil or crabby and superior, it is all the same. It is horrid! !

A bit of sun in the sky or a day of warm spring breezes serves only to pile lessons on the tired, care-worn students. A teacher will sniff the air, decide upon an especially nice outing she will take when the blessed time comes that she can lock her room and depart, and at the same time she will assign her defenseless class a lesson as long as from here to the Pacific Ocean. (At **least** that long!)

Elnora's thoughts made her miserable. Indeed they were miserable thoughts.

What she wanted to do was certainly not to go home and sit down to study. A theme to write! No inspiration! Problems to do and not the remotest idea how to do them! Enough reading to do to keep one up till day break! Everything dreadful—

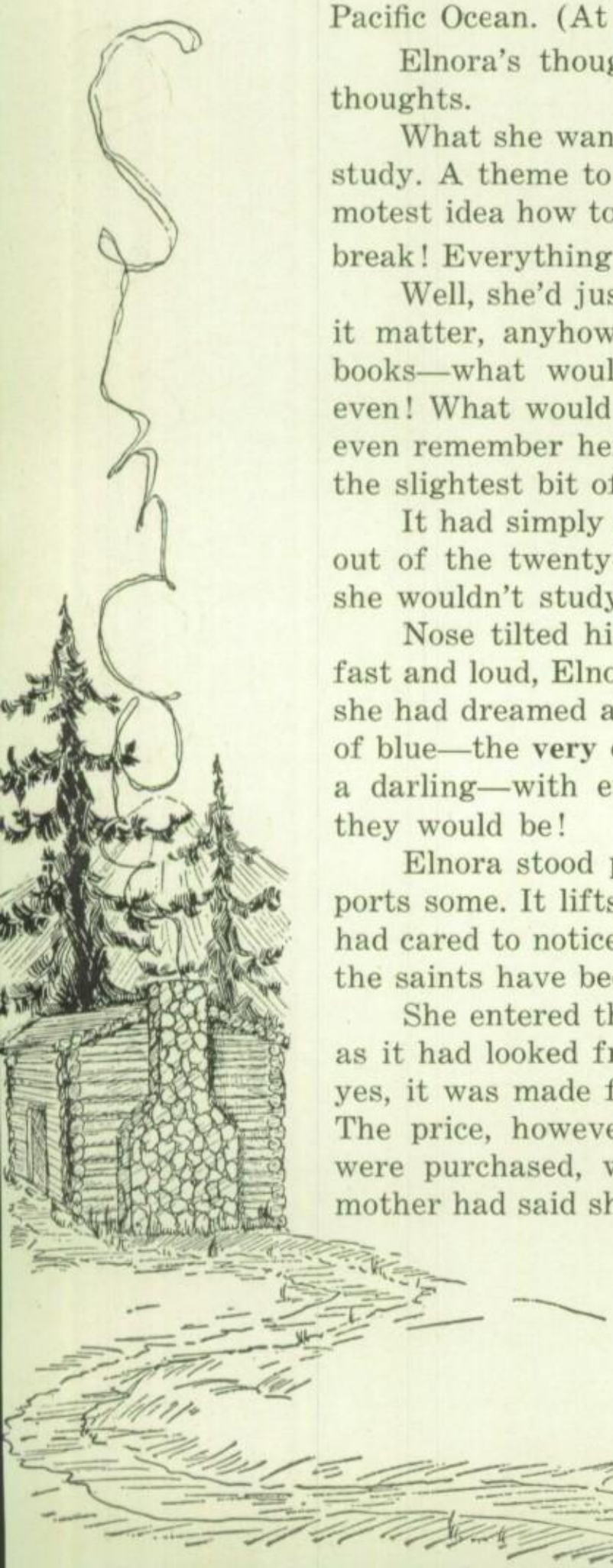
Well, she'd just not **do it**—that's all! Ten years from now what would it matter, anyhow? That she had spent another hectic night over dull books—what would that count? That she had killed herself studying even! What would that matter to the world? **Nothing!** People would not even remember her, ten years hence, if she were to die. It wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference to anyone. Not a darn bit! !

It had simply gone too far! When she had to study twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four, things had come to a great pass! Well, tonight she wouldn't study. There were nicer things to do.

Nose tilted high in air and heels clicking the pavement dangerously fast and loud, Elnora almost sailed by a show window displaying the dress she had dreamed about! There it was in **reality**: The most beautiful shade of blue—the **very** color of her eyes!!—Such lovely, shimmering silk! Such a darling—with even the gathers and tiny tucks just where she knew they would be!

Elnora stood perfectly enraptured, looking at the thing. Music transports some. It lifts them up to the heights of the gods. But if passers-by had cared to notice, they could have seen the same look upon her face that the saints have been known to wear.

She entered the store, and asked to see the dress. It was as beautiful as it had looked from the street. Maybe more so. It fit her perfectly. Ah, yes, it was made for her. Again and again the clerk assured her of that. The price, however, was quite unheard of. All Elnora's spring clothes were purchased, with the exception of a simple little street dress her mother had said she might have later. She knew there would be explaining



to be done, but she **must** have this blue frock. Yes, the clerk could do it up, and send it to 1709 Elm Avenue.

Elnora emerged from the store feeling flat, somehow. There really couldn't be a cause for it, but the feeling persisted, And then those studies! Merciful heavens!! Why must she think of them **now?**

Well, at least she would stick to her resolutions! No studying **tonight,** if she died for it! Patrick Henry for her! Liberty and Justice Forever, Amen!

Do you think that Elnora was happy that night? That she enjoyed herself? No? Oh, yes, she was—she did! That moral does not fit—**this** story. She had her one night free from cares—lessons—themes, problems, books! She was free. Her parents did not even object to the blue dress, overmuch. What more could be desired? She'd have her freedom, no matter the price!

She is still in Opportunity Class. M. P. '31

YOUTH AND RESCUE

"Hello, Yes. Oh! it's you. I don't know—Oh I don't care— I guess so. Yes, seven o'clock's all right. So long."

Maizie turned from the phone to meet the accusing eyes of her mother.

"Maizie, is that the way to accept an invitation from a young man? That was Jim wasn't it?"

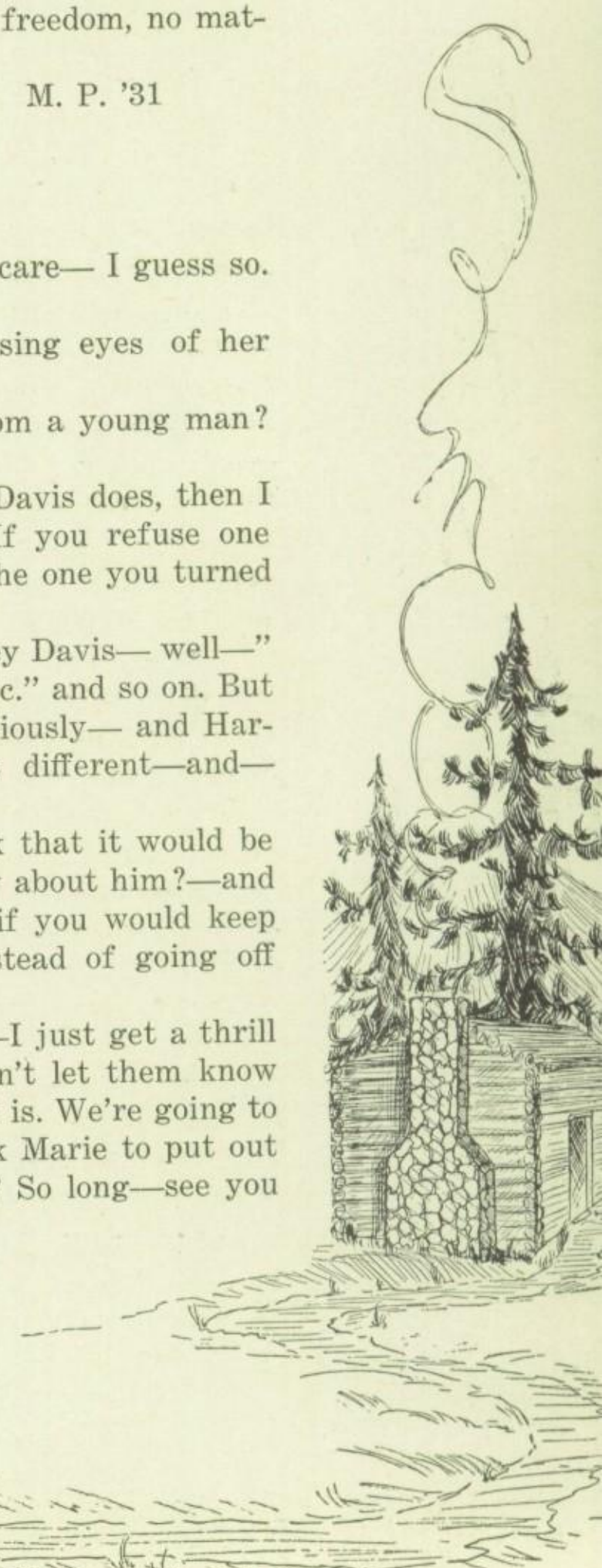
"Oh, yes, the pest! He always calls before Harley Davis does, then I have to refuse Harley. Bother small towns anyway! If you refuse one person and go out with another, you're bound to meet the one you turned down, then 'pop go the fire-works!' "

"But dear, Jim is one of your own crowd—and Harley Davis— well—"

"Oh, yes I know. He's **much** too old and all that "etc." and so on. But mother—Jim's just one of us kids—not to be taken seriously— and Harley—well—he's a man of the world—he's—well—He's different—and—and—anyway I like him!"

"I know dear, perhaps you do, but don't you think that it would be wise to go a little slow until you find out more definitely about him?—and there's your dancing. I think it would be much nicer if you would keep with your own friends—attend their parties more instead of going off with Harley Davis."

"Oh, bother—I'm not going to **marry** him mother—I just get a thrill out of going with him. Hush! here come the girls. Don't let them know what we've been talking about. I get teased enough as it is. We're going to play tennis. I'll be back in time for dinner. Will you ask Marie to put out my blue dress and also the slippers and the headband? So long—see you later!"



Mrs. Carter shaking her head watched Maizie bound from the room, then, taking her needlework, departed kitchenward to find Marie.

The Carters were well-to-do and a more fortunate girl than Maizella Carter—Maizie for short—would have been hard to find north, south, east, or west of Carlton. Mr. Carter, the town's most influential banker, adored his only daughter as indeed did several others, these others including Jim Ellis, the railroad president's son.

Maizie was taking up what patrons are pleased to call the art of "Terpsichore." Every third day she turned the nose of her smart little roadster toward Blainville the "art center" as it was termed by Carlton's "younger generation," for oddly it had happened that all the teachers of the higher arts had planted themselves in Blainville rather than farther south in Carlton where centers the action of our story.

One of these trips had been responsible for all the subsequent arguments regarding Maizie's love affairs. It had been raining and the slippery pavement coupled with the lack of chains was none too promotive to Maizie's efforts at speed. Suddenly there came a sharp turn—a green sport phaeton, and a lurch to the side of the road. Maizie was unhurt until she glimpsed the driver of the other car, then she became suddenly limp as he approached. Her recovery was timed accurately and introductions soon ensued. It developed that Maisie's car was slightly damaged—at least enough so that she was compelled to ride to Blainville to attend a matinee with Mr. Davis, while her kind friend sent a tow car back to the supposed wreck.

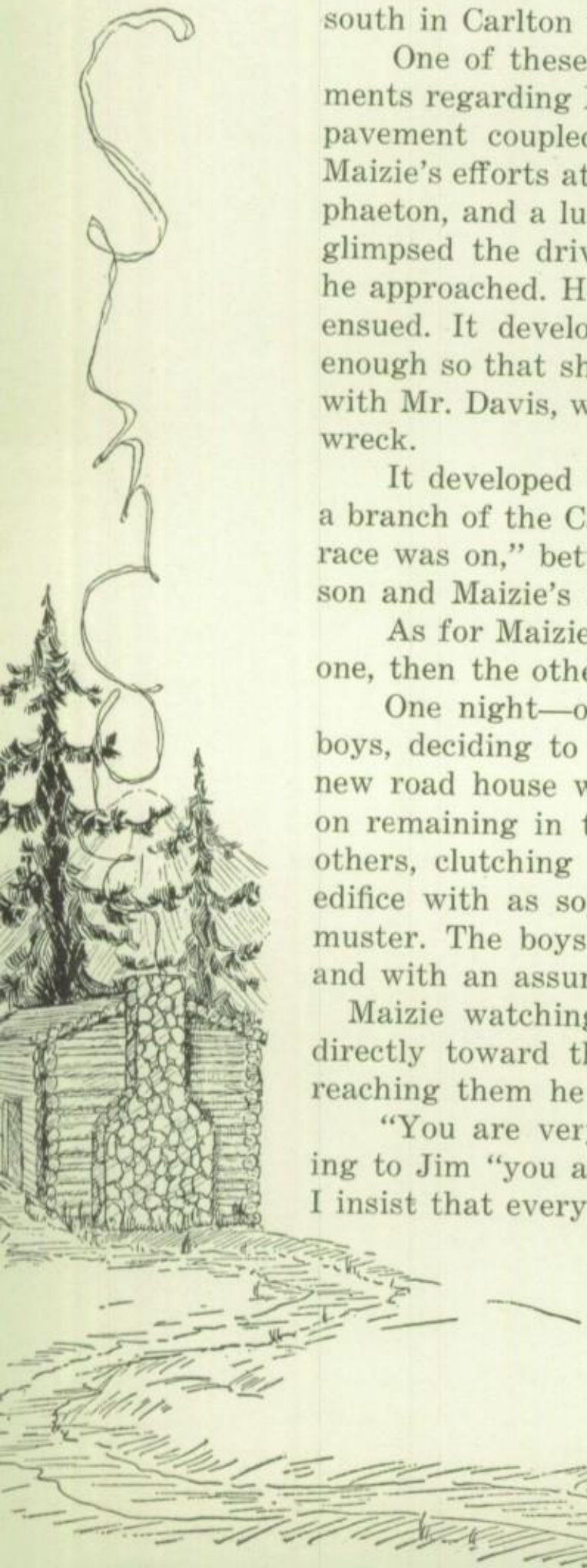
It developed that Mr. Davis, for such was his name, was to operate a branch of the Caster Drug Co. in Carlton, so as the town termed it, "the race was on," between none other than Jim Ellis, the railroad president's son and Maizie's rescuer.

As for Maizie, she was satisfied with the two of them. She dated with one, then the other.

One night—on the way home from a theatre party at the city, the boys, deciding to have a new thrill, stopped the car at "Turnpike," the new road house west of Blainville. Some of the girls, dismayed, insisted on remaining in the cars, but persuaded by the boys, Maizie and a few others, clutching their wraps about them entered the brilliantly lighted edifice with as sophisticated and nonchalant an attitude as they could muster. The boys summoning the waiters, ordered the proper delicacies and with an assumed, unconcerned air watched the thronging dancers.

Maizie watching the doorway first glimpsed the intruder. Advancing directly toward their table was none other than Harley Davis. Upon reaching them he urged Maizie to accompany him from the room.

"You are very indiscreet to come here," he said, "and you," pointing to Jim "you are absolutely irresponsible in bringing these girls here. I insist that every one of you get out in your cars and go home."



"Say, just **who** DO you think **you** are?" Jim was standing and glaring across the table at the speaker.

There was no further argument for suddenly the entire room was plunged in darkness. Grabbing Maizie, Harley Davis lifted her from the floor, and threading his way among the milling crowd, dashed to his car, placed Maizie abruptly in the seat, and raced from the scene.

Too dumbfounded for words Maizie sat quietly while Harley Davis drove grimly toward home. They continued to ride in silence but as he escorted her to the door she laid her arm timidly on his—"I—I don't know **how** to thank you but—oh, I **know** I'm not nice."

"Not nice! My dear you're so nice you're delectable! Won't you let me continue watching over you like this— won't you marry me?"

"Why—uh—why I—"

"You don't love me? Well—I am sorry. Is it Jim? If so I'll—"

"No! No; you're mistaken—I don't love him—I—I love **you!**"

'You do!"

Further words are unnecessary, but may I add a remark Mrs. Carter made while placing the bridal veil upon Maizie's fair hair, in preparation for the wedding?

"I always thought that you should marry an older man Maizie—I'm glad you weren't with those irresponsible youngsters caught in that raid."

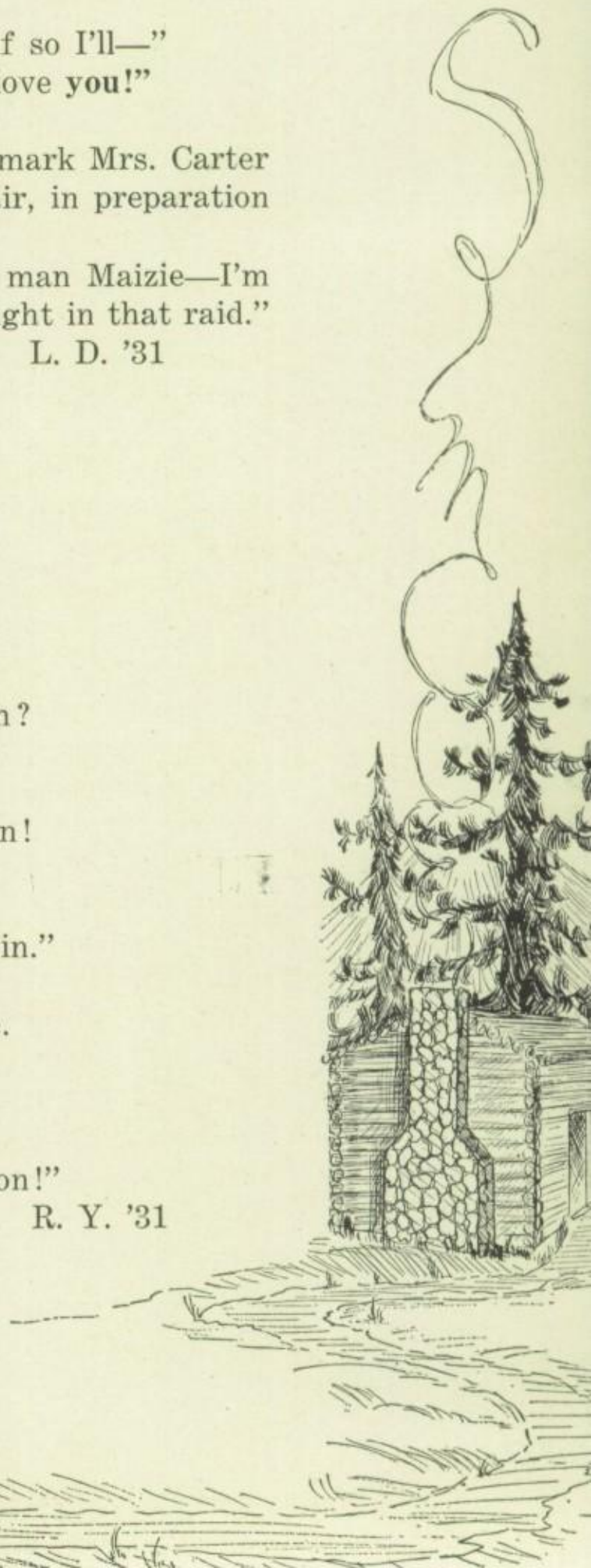
L. D. '31

THE RACE

Behind him came a thundering mob,
    Behind a bunch of runners bold;
Before him not an easy job,
    Before him veterans tried of old.
The good lad thought: "Now am I through?
    For lo! my wind is almost gone.
Yours truly, speak! What shall I do?"
    Why this: "Dash on! Dash on! And on!

"My knees grow weaker pace by pace,
    My heaving chest doth burn with pain."
But on and on still in the race,
    The stout lad yet sped down the lane.
The tape! The tape! was now in view,
    And spurting like the break or dawn,
The boy did win to lead the few,
    Who learned the lesson: "On! Dash on!"

R. Y. '31



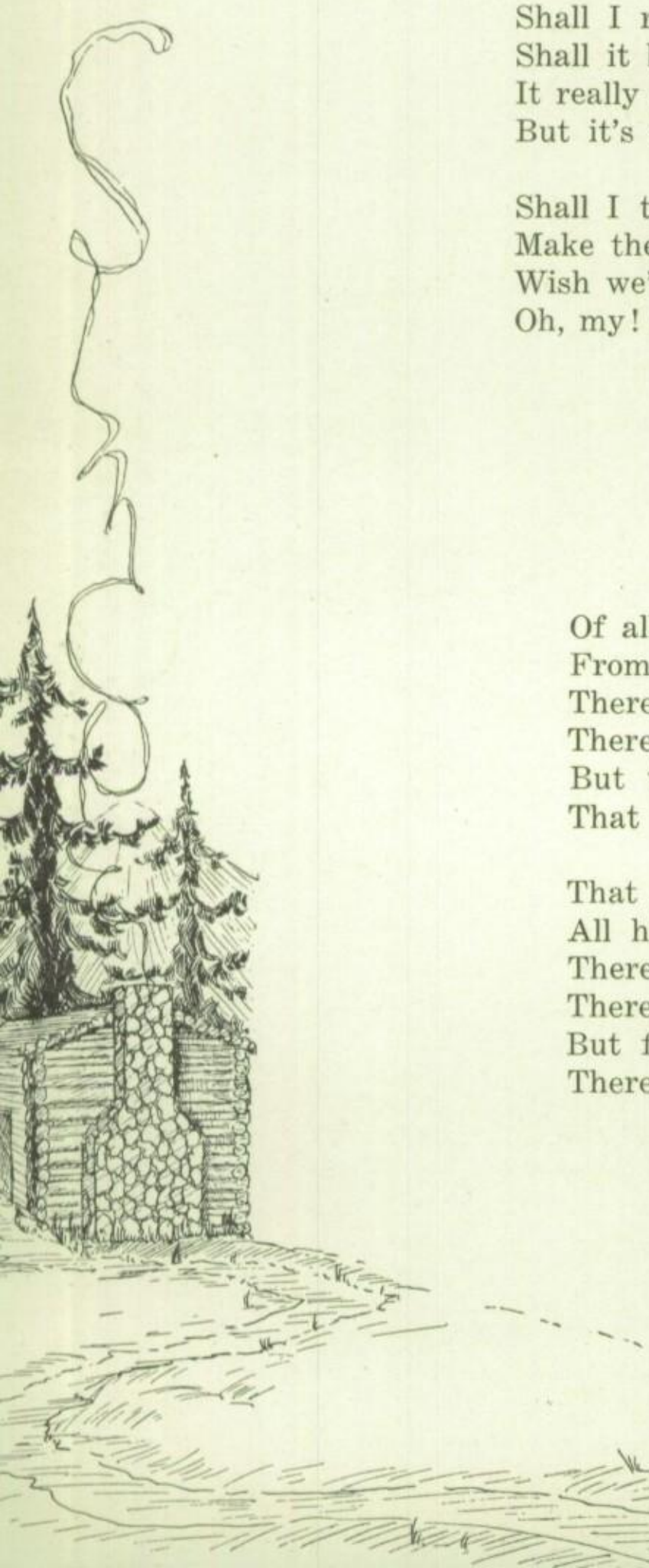
A poem,
A poem,
A jingle,
Or a rhyme?
It really doesn't matter what,
Just so it's in on time.

What shall I write about?
What shall I say?
It really doesn't matter,
But it's due today!

Shall I rave of beauteous scenery?
Shall it be the woods in spring?
It really doesn't matter,
But it's gotta be **something!**

Shall I treat of school day doings?
Make the people laugh or cry?
Wish we'd not have poems for English!
Oh, my! Oh, my! OH—MY!!

M. P. '31



LATIN

Of all my High School studies
From the first unto the last,
There are some that make me happy,
There are some that make me sad.
But there's one above all others
That does really make me mad.

That is Latin—the life of Caeser—
All his deeds and all his exploits.
There are words that have a meaning,
There are words that have no sense.
But from start unto its ending
There is nothing but suspense.

R. R. '30

STORY WITH A MORAL

A student went to school
And thought the teachers "crool"
Just because they had a rule
That they would not teach a fool.

He thought his studies were the bunk,
All he did was flunk, flunk, flunk!
He was told to pack his trunk.
He was sunk! Oh, he was sunk!

Bear this lesson well in mind:
One like him will always find,
If he does not grind, grind, grind,
He'll fall hopelessly behind.
Oh!
School's unkind.
School's unkind.

M. P. '31

THE PROPHECY OF G. H. S.

"Study, study, study,
In the confines of G. H. S.,"
That great brick form emits
These words in awfulness.

"Oh, well for the bright young lad,
That he gets his lessons each day!
Oh, naught for the naughty ones
Who do nothing at all but play!

"Yet the days of life go on,
So silent and so still;
And the mischievous one may wish
He'd studied in his days juvenile.

"Study, study, study,
In the days of your youth, my lad,
Ere you, from a life of luxury
And wealth, may be forbade."

R. L. L. '30

SPRING SONG

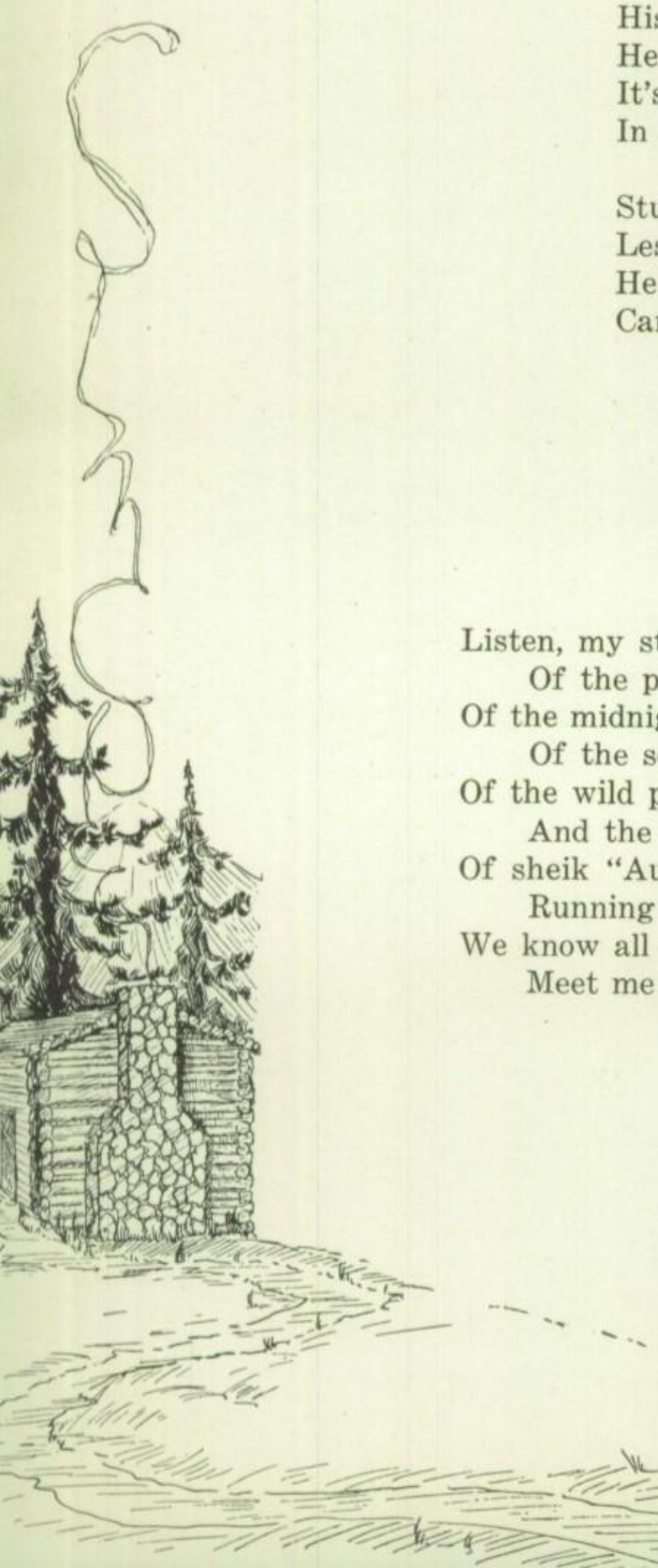
An open window.
A student and a book.
Book's not interesting,
So he will look.

He gazes out the window,
Lessons all forgot.
Why have school
On a day so hot?

His mind won't function.
He can't think at all.
It's silly to have to
In a spring-day study hall!

Studying is awful.
Lessons such a bore.
He gives up.
Can't you hear him snore?

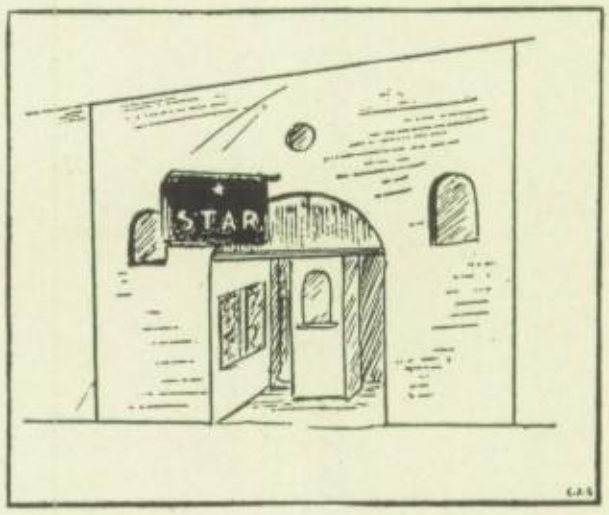
M. P. '31



Listen, my students, and you shall hear
Of the petting parties of "Max" and Lear;
Of the midnight rides of Violet and Roe;
Of the secret stories we happen to know;
Of the wild parties the faculty flung;
And the initiation on the freshmen sprung;
Of sheik "Augie" after a beautiful girl,
Running a close race with Gil and Merle.
We know all this; we have known it long.
Meet me some night and I'll sing you the song.

R. P. '30

Advertising and Jokes



HEAD in the clouds —

FEET on the ground —

YARDS in advance —

IN THE MARCH

OF FASHION

—o—

Authorities say —Smartly Dressed People Wear

"HART-SCHAFFNER & MARX"

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

"PALMER" and "CLASSY JEAN"

SUITS AND DRESSES

—o—

LET US SELL YOU

MERCHANDISE OF MERIT

FOR COLOR - SERVICE - STYLE AND HARMONY

—o—

LEDBETTER & WALLACE CO.

Your Satisfaction is Our Aim

YOU CAN OWN A

CHRYSLER

FROM $750 UP DELIVERED HERE

You have always wanted a Chrysler, so now is your opportunity—Quality as always—Prices lower than ever

HOBBS & MONTANYE

A city kid was roaming in the country when he came upon a dozen or so empty condensed milk cans. Greatly excited he called to his companions: "Hey fellows! Come here quick! I've found a cow's nest."

Professor: All men are descended from monkeys. Am I right, Junior?

Junior A.; Yeah, I guess so, but who kicked the ladder out from under you?

"Is your daddy home, sonny?"

"No, sir, he hasn't been home since mamma caught Santa Claus kissing the cook."

Father (reading report card): Physics-F, French-F, English-F, History-F. F! F! F! What does this mean young man?

Bill: I can't understand it, dad. Do you suppose it could be forgery?

Papa: (At Sunday dinner) Donald, you have reached for everything in sight. Haven't you any tongue?

Donald: Sure, pop, but my arm's longer.

H. W. BATES

GROCERIES - FLOUR - FEED

We guarantee to give you better value for your money than you can get anywhere else. Prompt and efficient delivery service.

REST ROOM FOR THE LADIES

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ENGRAVED
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ENGRAVING CO.
45 FOURTH ST.· PORTLAND. ORE.

Tailor: "I suppose you want a cuff on the pants and a belt on the back."

Customer: "Don't get funny with me or you'll get a sock in the nose."

Voice from eleventh floor, "'Smatter down there? Have you no key?"

Noisy one on pavement: "Gotta key all right but wouldja' jassasoon throw down a few keyholes?"

The GOLDENDALE SENTINEL
ESTABLISHED 1879 IRVING S. BATH, EDITOR
GOLDENDALE WASHINGTON

YOURS FOR SERVICE

MARYHILL FERRY

Maryhill, Washington Phone 312X

Lester—(At box office) "Two Tickets, please."
Ticket seller—"What date?"
Lester—"Norma."

Want ad in rural newspaper: For sale—A full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a flock of chickens and several stoves. (Some cow! !)

GOOD WHOLESOME

GOLD KRUST BREAD

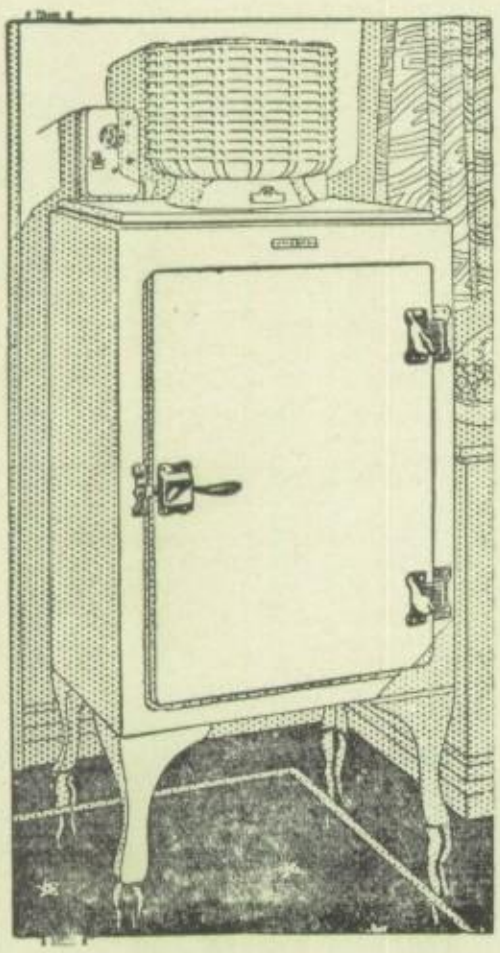
ASK YOUR GROCER

GOLDENDALE BAKING COMPANY

MOST ALL THE PICTURES IN THIS
BOOK TAKEN WITH
Eastman Kodak and Films
Sold at
ALLISON'S PHARMACY

Mrs. B.: "What's the penalty for bigamy?"
Bright Student: "Two mothers-in-law."

On the road to Maryhill James Hall had occasion to crawl under his Ford to do a minor repair. A herd of cows came by in charge of a boy. As the last cow passed the car, the boy, called, "It's all right, Mister, you can come out. They won't hurt you now."



DAY AFTER DAY
Year After Year

A G. E. will serve you Quietly - Efficiently - Economically

LET US TELL YOU ABOUT IT

Pacific Power & Light Co.
"Always at Your Service"

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BAR-B-QUE LUNCHES

—o—

Meals - Confectionery - Cigars - Magazines - Fountain Service

—o—

We Feature

SERVICE - QUALITY - COURTESY

The usual Sunday morning collection was taken up in church. The minister noticed a lot of dollar bills in the plate and also two pennies. "Ah," he said, "I see there is a Scotchman present." Whereupon an old Scot arose from the back of the church and said: "Yes, sir, there are two of us."

It is a long lane that has no parked car. ('Ahem!)

One of our senior boys was visiting his sister at college, and inquired of the train porter, "Which door shall I get off at?"

The porter replied: "Either, sir, this train stops at both ends."

Mrs. B.: "This hurts me more than it does you, Eddie."
Edward: "Don't be too severe with yourself, mother."

City Marshal: "Don't you see that sign 'Fine for parking here'?"
Leo J.: "Yes, sir, and we heartily agree with it."

Mother: "What did you learn at school today, Velma?"
Velma: "I learned the name of the boy next door."

PROMPTNESS IS OUR MOTTO — NEXT IS OUR CLASS OF WORK

—o—

I wish to thank the students for their patronage and speak for a continuance of same

—o—

H. B. CARRATT, PHOTO STUDIO

Commercial and Kodak Finishing. Kodaks and Films

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Largest Assortment of

FACE POWDERS - CREAMS - TOILET PREPARATIONS IN THE COUNTY

Mail Orders Filled Same Day Received

She: "Why doncha wear suspenders?"

He: "Why should I support my pants? They never did anything for me."

Elizabeth: "Shorty, why don't you let your hair grow?"

Natalie: "I can't decide whether to make it look like a whisk broom or a feather duster."

Freddy: "I kissed Maxine when she wasn't looking."

Jim: "What did she do about it?"

Freddy: "She wouldn't look at me all the rest of the evening."

Radio Bug: "I picked up WVZ last night."

Friend: "Wouldn't she give her full name?"

A nut at the wheel, a peach at his side, sharp turn in the road—is a good recipe for fruit salad.

"Is it true Hilma has a secret sorrow?"

"Heavens, yes, hasn't she told you about it?"

TROST PLANING MILL

SASH AND DOORS - BUILDING AND ROOFING PAPER

PONDOSA PINE & FIR LUMBER

All Kinds of Building Material

"Lumber Satisfaction at Trost's"

Phone 1472

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Tailored and Pattern Hats

Mrs. J. W. Fuller, Prop.

OREGON-WASHINGTON
TELEPHONE CO.
One Policy — One System — Universal Service
And all Directed Toward
BETTER SERVICE

He: "Have you heard of the new disease?"
She: "No, what is it?"
He: "The hoof and neck disease."
:She: "Oh, you mean the hoof and mouth disease?"
He: "No, the hoof and **neck;** if you don't neck, you hoof it, see?"

Pridham: "Yes, I once loved a girl and she made a fool out of me."
She (trifle bored): "My—what a lasting impression some girls make!"

Father: "Margaret, what were you and James doing out on the porch?"
Margaret Mc.: "Oh, dad, don't bother about such petty things."

He held her to his manly breast
And murmured, "How I love thee!"
He had no time to tell the rest—
His roadster climbed an elm tree.

YOURS FOR SERVICE AND PRICE
STAR MARKET AND GROCERY
IS A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE
Cleanliness, Service and Good Qaulity Meats at Reasonable Prices
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THE BEST OF THE TALKING PICTURES

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ALWAYS A GOOD PROGRAM AT THE STAR

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman W. Ward, Owners and Managers

They were talking about modern music and dancing. "I don't like dancing to jazz," said Jeannie, "it's nothing but hugging set to music."

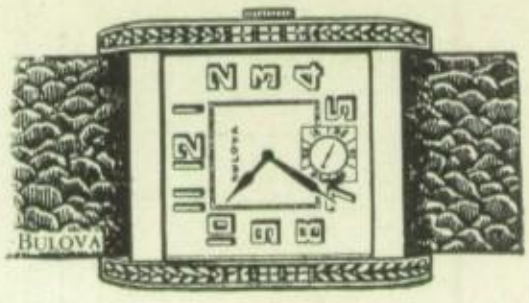
"Well," asked the coach, "What is there about it that you object to?"

Jeannie: "The music."

Miss Hall: "What's the interest on a thousand dollars for one year at two per cent?—**Paul,** pay attention!"

Paul: "For two per cent I'm not interested."

FOR GRADUATION



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Our Wrist, Strap and Pocket Watches are dependable and are Moderately Priced

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SEE OUR NEW ZIRCON RINGS

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Goldendale - - - - Washington

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GOLDEN HARVEST BRAND HAMS, BACON, LARD AND QUALITY PRODUCTS

Manufactured from choice pigs grown in this celebrated Goldendale District

GOLDENDALE MEAT COMPANY

No. 1: "Did you hear of the young lady being hurt in the explosion last night?"

No. 2: "No, how come?"

No. 1: "A smile lit up her face and the powder went off."

Imagine the comfort that one fond mother got out of the announcement to a neighbor, "William got 100 in his exams, 50 in Latin and 50 in Algebra."

General Garage Business

CHEVROLET

Storage and Vulcanizing

SALES AND SERVICE

HUDSON SERVICE STATION

W. B. HUDSON, Proprietor

Tires — Batteries — Accessories — Gas and Oil

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McKenzie Hardware Co.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY YOUR HARDWARE

A Complete Line of

HARDWARE AND SPORTING GOODS

Goldendale - Washington

Two of our small sophomore boys were out hunting in the woods for speciments to take to biology class. One of them stooped and picked up a chestnut burr. "Andy,' he called, excitedly, "come here! I've found a porcupine egg."

Marie McDowell: "What is puppy love?"
Ray Ferguson: "The beginning of a dog's life."

Gordon: "Why are you standing on the corner, Jack, with that slice of bread in your hand?"

Jack: "Who, me? I'm waiting for the jam to go by."

"How was the Prohibition Lecture last night?"

"Great except the lecturer absentmindedly tried to blow the foam from his glass of water."

THE STORE OF SERVICE

When in need of anything in the Hardware or Sporting Goods Line Give us a Trial—Our motto is

SERVICE AND QUALITY

GOLDENDALE HARDWARE CO.

R. J. WILLIS IMPLEMENT CO.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF

McCormick - Deering Farm Implements — Combines
Tractors — Cream Separators
Repairs — Drapers

Goldendale - - - - Washington

"Bill has a new siren for his car."
"What happened to the last brunette?"

"I spose Fred still takes life easy," said Mary.
"Yes," answered Max, "he has only two regrets, one is that he has to wake up to eat and the other is he has to stop eating to sleep."

Bill: "Did you ever ride a donkey?"
Hank: "No."
Bill: "Well you better get onto yourself."

"Did the doctor remove your appendix?"
"Feels to me like he removed my whole table of contents!"

Professor (fleeing from lion in jungle)—"This reminds me, I forgot to put the cat out."

INGLENOOK DAIRY

J. H. COFFIELD, Proprietor

Goldendale - - - - Washington

BOOTS AND SHOES

Best Quality at Lowest Cost at

FRED ROSENKRANZ SHOE STORE

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All kinds of Beauty Work and Permanent Waving

McCREDY MUSIC STORE

Everything in Music

Goldendale - Washington

A. J. NIVA CASH STORE

Dealer in Groceries and General Merchandise

Centerville - Washington

"Oh, hum, every dog has his day, but it is the one with the sore tail that has his week end."

Miss Wilson—What could be worse than a man without a country?
Jeannie (sighing)—A country without a man.

Bootblack: Light or dark, Mr. Bacher?
Absent Minded Professor: Either, but please don't give me the neck!

O. C. LARSON

CARPENTERING AND BUILDING

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Ship By Truck and Save Money

Express Service Daily at Freight Rates

WE PICK UP AND DELIVER

THE DALLES TRUCK LINE, Inc.

Bonded and Insured Carriers

PORTLAND - GOLDENDALE - BICKLETON

Carl D. Spickerman, Resident Agent

504 Columbus Ave., Phone 282 - - Goldendale

He: Do you love me darling?
Verona: Of course I do, Herbert.
He: Herbert! Why, my name's Arthur!
Verona: So it is! I keep thinking to-day is Monday!

Mother: It was greedy of you to eat your sister's pie, Jack.
Jack D.: I know mother, but you said I was always to take her part.

T. BERT WILSON

Frigidaire - Delco Light Plants - Buick Motor Cars - J. I. Case Machinery - Kolster Radios - Graybar Radios

SERVICE FOR ALL THESE LINES

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STORMIZING ADDS 20,000 MILES TO THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR

Auto Repairing - Acteylene Welding - General Blacksmithing and Wood Work

KLICKITAT MACHINE WORKS

Goldendale - Washington

CENTRAL ICE

MADE FROM GOLDENDALE PURE WATER

Phone 672

Martin: "Miss Shelton, do you say 'It is I' or 'It is me'?"

Miss S.: "Always remember that rhyme, 'It is I," said the spider to the fly'."

Martin: "I see, but couldn't you say, 'It is me," said the spider to the flea'?"

"There!" said Mrs. Bacher in disgust, "I knew that over night guest of yours wasn't to be trusted. I've counted the towels and there's one of them missing!"

"Was it a good one?" asked the semi-interested professor."

"It was the best we had. It was the one with the "Grand Palace Hotel" on it."

Dentist: "I'm sorry, sonny, but I think I got a piece of your gum that time."

Young victim: "Oh, thas' alright, Doc, stick it under the chair and I'll get it on the way out."

THE QUALITY SHOP

BERT H. KNOX, Proprietor

Royal Tailored Suits - Holeproof Hosiery - Neustadter Shirts

Florsheim Shoes and Other Quality Lines

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We extend our hearty congratulations and every good wish for success in your chosen field. Open your account here and let us aid you to greater prosperity.

PIONEER STATE BANK

Goldendale - - - - Washington

J. C. PENNEY CO.

HIGH-HAT'TING ISN'T POPULAR HERE

That old indoor sport "high hat'ting" never was very popular around Goldendale High School, and that's why we didn't take it up seriously in our store. Everyone, including those who are "just looking" will find the latch-string out and WELCOME on the doormat. We're glad to see everyone—even relatives.

Speaking of Hats, why not drop in and give our New Models the Once Over

Oh, there was a young Chemistry bluff,
Who mixing a compound of stuff,
He lit a match to the pile and after a while
They found his front teeth and a cuff.

Mrs. Bacher: "Name a parasite."
John Scheel: "Me?"
Mrs. Bacher: "Yes, but name another."

Mr. Ferguson: I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two legged calf.
Mr. McDowell: I know. He came over and called on my daughter last night.

Scotty: Do you love me?
She: No!
Scotty: Then gimme back my popcorn!

Mr. Bacher: Where is the steak on your menu?
Waiter (reading) :There, sir, sirloin steak a la carte.
Mr. B.: Good, wheel it in.

THE RAINBOW CONFECTIONERY

MEALS AND SHORT ORDERS—GOOD SERVICE

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WHEN YOU THINK OF INSURANCE

Think of

KLICKITAT COMPANY

C. E. Coley, Managing Agent

"WE INSURE EVERYTHING"

Phone 72 Office in Pioneer State Bank

Miss Bleakney: "Reo, do you like Kipling?"
Reo: "I'm sure I don't know. I don't know how to kipple."

Mrs. Bacher: What did you learn about the salivary glands?
Margaret Selle: I couldn't find out a thing. They're so secretive.

From an English book, "He was as fresh as was the month of May."
Miss Bleakney: "Please do not interpret that in the modern sense."

Voice on phone: "There are two mice fighting up here in my room."
Hotel Clerk: "How much are you paying for your room?"
Voice: "One dollar."
Clerk: "What did you expect, a bull fight?"

Bill Trowbridge: "Teacher, what part of the body is the fray?"
Miss Bleakney: "The fray? Why, what do you mean?"
Billy: "Well, it says here that Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray."

B. A. SANDERS

Red and White Grocery

QUALITY - PRICE AND SATISFACTION

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Dr. W. C. Trowbridge

Physician and Surgeon

Goldendale - Washington

Office Hours: 9 to 11 - 1 to 5

Phones: Res. 1953, Office 1681

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For the past 21 years we have been serving the community efficiently, quietly and economically

Our success is measured by the service we render

Merle W. Chapman, Mortician

Goldendale - Washington

"Della is the dumbest girl I've seen!"

"Why?"

"She wanted to know how many quarters there were in a baseball game."

That's nothing, my girl wanted to know if a football coach had wheels."

Leo—"What kind of a car have you?"

Hank—"Oh, just a runabout. You run about a mile then stop."

Hard boiled traffic cop—"Come on, Ben Hur, the Romans are gaining on you!"

Ruth Y. to Jack—If you're the answer to a maiden's prayer I'm gonna stop prayin'.

Gordon: "I think I'll open up an office when I graduate."

Fleming: "I'll probably turn out to be a janitor myself."

C. H. Knosher Insurance Agency

INSURES ANYTHING INSURABLE

Goldendale - Washington

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES BY USING HOME MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS

Flour - Cereals - Mill Feeds. All kinds of Mixed Poultry and Dairy Feeds. Rolled and Pulverized Barley - Oats and Wheat

AGENT JOHN DEERE FARM MACHINERY

GOLDENDALE MILLING CO.

Phones: Res. 473; Mill 472; Feed Store 1172 - Goldendale

Pat—"Do you think I'm a little pale?"
Hattie—"You look more like a big tub to me."

Sonny: "Goody, now I won't have to get my hair cut."
violin."
Sonny: "Goody, now I won't have to get py hair cut."

KLICKITAT FARMERS UNION WAREHOUSE COMPANY

General Elevator and Warehouse Business

OLYMPIA HARD WHEAT FLOUR—ALL KINDS OF MILL FEED

We treat you right and pay you the highest market price for your grain

Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway

Fast, dependable freight service, daily except Sundays. Patronize those who help pay the taxes. S. P. & S. Ry. paid Klickitat County $203,352.28 in taxes during 1929, over one-third the total amount of taxes assessed in this county.

MEMBER
FEDERAL RESERVE
SYSTEM

The Development of a Community Depends on its People and Institutions

—o—

TO OUR GRADUATES

It is with sincere feeling of interest in your future welfare, graduates, that we urge upon you that time tested path to future financial independence — SAVING. To aid you in getting properly started, we offer the entire facilities of this bank and its officers.

—o—

NATIONAL BANK OF GOLDENDALE

ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN THE COUNTY

Capital, $50,000.00

C. T. CAMPLAN, President — C. E. CROOKS, Vice-President
M. W. BECK, Cashier — A. L. HALL, Vice-President
FREEDA A. BRUNER, Assistant Cashier

WE BUY YOUR WHEAT

Highest market prices will be paid for your wheat, Oats and Barley. Flour and Mill Feed at market prices. We do a general warehouse business at Centerville and Warwick Stations. Our elevators at each place sells Kerr's "Best" Flour.

CENTERVILLE ELEVATOR CO.

JOHN A. MILLER, Manager

Phone, Centerville 3242 — Phone Warwick 3273

Jim: "Did the honor system work well in your college?"
Joe: "Yes, until some darn sneak went and squealed on us."

"Noises in my head keep me awake."
"That's impossible!"
"How's that?"
"You can't transmit sound through a vacuum."

"Pray, why the large handkerchief?"
"For crying out loud."

Scotty: "I thought I told you not to park here. Why do you do it?"
Student: "Because of my belief, sir."
Scotty: "Nonsense! Whatdaya mean!"
Student: "I believed that you were at the other end of the campus."

Teacher: "Why did Washington throw the dollar across the Patomac?"
Student: "He was teaching a Scotchman how to swim."

ABSHIER & NIVA

Centerville - Washington

HARDWARE AND HARNESS

Service is Our Motto

"Aren't rosy cheeks a sign of good health?"
"Well, you're healthier on one side than the other."

Boss—"Yes, I want an office boy. Do you smoke?"
Fred Lear—"No, thanks, sir, but I don't mind an ice cream cone."

Freddy—"How far are you from the correct answer?"
Junior A.—"About two seats."

One: "Do you like spaghetti?"
Two: "As a rule."
One: "Gracious, man, what on earth do you measure with it?"

Agent: "Don't you want your office furnishings insured against theft?"
Mr. B: "Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

Mother: "Come, Freddie, and kiss your Aunt Martha."
Freddie: "Why, Ma, I ain't done nuthin!"

Lawyer: "And where did you see him milking the cow?"
Witness: "Just a trifle beyond the center, sir."

HERMAN C. ROLOFF
Livestock Auctioneer
Plumbing, Heating and Sheet Metal Work, Aermotor Wind Mills
Phones: Office 262 - Res. 263

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